

FRANK LESLIE'S THE LEISURE CLASS NEWSPAPER

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DISINTEGRATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Few that read will ever forget Daniel Webster's glowing allusion to the extent and power of the British Empire—that mighty monarchy "whose morning drum-beat, rising with the sun and circling with the hours, girdles the earth with one continuous roll of the martial airs of England." Yet, modern progress has so wonderfully modified the feelings and condition of the British people, that the eloquent apostrophe may soon be considered a relic of the past—as the widespread empire created by their enterprising colonization is in a fair way of being disintegrated by causes hitherto powerless in worldly policy.

As the introduction of steam, in commerce and warfare, has measurably destroyed the maritime supremacy of England, this, with the knowledge that wars and revolutions would probably result in cutting off large portions of her foreign possessions, has happily led to conclusions that the honor and comfort of Great Britain will be promoted by consenting to the peaceable separation of some of her dependen-

cies from the parent stock, and to their establishment as independent nations, if not to their annexation to other countries. Therefore, as fast as they consider themselves prepared for the responsibility, the British-American colonies are now actually encouraged by British statesmen to establish their independence; and with this view, those colonies are being stimulated to confederation among themselves, that they may the sooner be ready for self-government and self-defense as one great nationality. Hence it is that projects of national independence and of annexation to the United States are openly discussed in the British-American provinces, where, not long ago, any movements for either purpose would have been denounced as treasonable.

A glance at the map will indicate the vast section of the empire that will be quietly withdrawn from British sway whenever the new "Dominion" shall be organized so as to become a self-sustaining government—a region stretching across North America in its broadest part, from Newfoundland to Vancouver, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—a territory about equaling in size the whole of the

United States. Was ever before such an immense possession, or indeed almost any possession of any value, voluntarily relinquished by any nation?—(for the sales of the Louisiana, Florida and Alaska territories are scarcely exceptions.) We say "relinquished," for British America is substantially given up already, as England is actually withdrawing troops and military stores as fast as can be done without suddenly exposing her colonists—they being kindly notified, however, that they must provide quickly for their own defense, and assume entirely the reins of government, which they now virtually control. Similar spirit is shown toward some other portions of the empire: And the rapid progress of modern ideas concerning self-government renders it certain that the world will, ere long, behold several new nationalities represented among its flags—British America and Australia probably to be foremost in this addition to the family of nations.

The chief exceptions to this theory of voluntary surrendry will doubtless be with respect to Ireland and the immense British possessions in the East Indies; though, in the latter

case, were there enough of the Anglo-Saxon race to manage and defend the country as an independent nationality and secure to England a fair share of its commerce, even that vast region would be allowed a separate existence, if it desired it, like that to which British America is encouraged by the Mother Country. Self-interest, of course, lies at the bottom of all this, as it is supposed that, aside from the difficulty of defending them in case of war with formidable enemies, the progress and commerce of the present prominent colonies, when they become independent, will produce sufficient benefit with less trouble to her than now. Is not Great Britain, as well as the world, better off now than if the United States had continued till this time among her dependencies?

And it will naturally be asked, Why is not the same doctrine applicable to the relations between Great Britain and Ireland? Would the relinquishment of Ireland be more extraordinary than the course which Britain is pursuing toward her vast North-American possessions?

The facts in the latter case render our supposition more probable in reference to the



THE AVANT-COURIERS OF THE COMING MAN.—SCENE IN SAMPSON'S SHOE MANUFACTORY, AT NORTH ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS—TEACHING THE CHINESE THE USE OF THE PEGGING MACHINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 261.

former. At any rate, whenever Great Britain becomes involved in war with any of the great European powers, Ireland as well as British India, will be emancipated, as Italy was lately freed (through foreign assistance) from Austrian tyranny.

But even in peace, after the wonderful changes in English opinion during the last thirty or forty years, as proven by various great reforms, such as Catholic emancipation, the abolition of the Corn Law monopoly, the extension of the elective franchise, and the destruction of the Irish Church-and-State system, as well as in reference to foreign possessions generally—even in peace, we repeat, it would seem that the connection between England and Ireland, which has never been and will never be a happy one, may be severed by the consent of the British people.

In case of war now, Ireland would be a cause of positive weakness rather than a point of strength with Britain. It is not now as it was in the days of the first Napoleon—the English armies cannot be largely recruited, or, indeed, recruited at all, from the Irish millions. We all know how difficult it was for Great Britain to obtain a sufficiency of troops for her contingent in the Crimean war: And Fenianism now renders it unpleasant for any Irishmen to enlist under the British flag—to be shot at for sixpence a day, especially while America affords bright attractions and large recompense for Irish labor and enterprise.

However fanciful the idea of peaceful separation may now seem to most persons, would such a consummation be much more extraordinary than some changes which have already occurred? With the present condition of the world, and especially in the altered circumstances of the British empire, does a peaceful separation from Ireland seem any more unlikely than either of the above-mentioned reforms, especially the relinquishment of British America, would have seemed not many years ago?

Great Britain might realize more true glory from a peaceable severance with Ireland than from her present distinction as the empire "on whose broad sway the sun forever shines."

In case of war with any of the "Great Powers," the entire energies of the British people would be necessary in defending their own island—leaving their widespread colonies to become victims of conquest or independent nations.

At any rate, the desire manifested by England in preparing her North-American colonies for national independence must be considered the harbinger of other mighty changes in the British political system, while, as it is, viewed without reference to such probable results, this single measure ranks among the most extraordinary features in worldly affairs, and cannot be without immense effect on the policy of the British people toward all the varied and vast regions now under their sway in all sections of the globe.

The policy of voluntary dismemberment, now in process of exemplification with reference to her North-American possessions, marks an era in worldly affairs not less remarkable than the system of accretion by which such vast possessions were brought together in the British empire; and yet neither of these things are or would be more wonderful than the sudden revolution in religious and political affairs, whereby Austria, till recently the bitterest opponent of liberal ideas, has rendered herself a brilliant evidence of the March of Mind in the progress of Modern Reform—acquiring thereby more true glory than she lost in Italy, and by the defeats of Solferino and Sadowa.

The disintegration of her territorial dominions will yet leave to Great Britain a magnificent empire in the realms of mind. With nations, as with individuals, true greatness and happiness are not dependent on mere wealth or extended possessions. The intelligent and energetic nations springing from her colonization—using a common language and literature, and imbued with the spirit that has rendered England, "with all her faults," the greatest monarchy that ever controlled vast possessions—will form monuments of her sway, reflecting on her greater fame than mere territorial possessions could bestow. Her language, now becoming a universal tongue, will furnish enduring evidence of her influence through the world.

The science, art, industry, energy, and moral power of her people—enabling her to perform an equivalent for the physical labor of hundreds of millions of men—will insure for her a large share of commercial power, and command respect and admiration commensurate with her wisdom in cheering her colonies to form independent nations. Contrasted with other monarchies having widespread possessions, her course in voluntarily relinquishing her colonies, as in the case of the British-American Provinces, will confer honor on her Good Sense, when her territory becomes limited by her own island shores—rendering her, even then, more illustrious than any other empire that ever governed so large a portion of the Human Race.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

Notice.

To our subscribers in Texas. Owing to the disordered condition of Postal affairs throughout the State, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for money forwarded us, unless sent by means of Post Office Order, Draft, or Express. It is unsafe to register letters. This notice only applies to Texas.

PURITY OF ELECTIONS AND RECENT LEGISLATION.

No power or duty of the National Government is clearer or stronger than the right and necessity of providing for the pure and peaceful exercise of the elective franchise. Complaints long made, by all parties, in different sections of the Union, concerning enormous abuses at the polls, compelled that Government lately to pass a law for protecting all voters, everywhere, in the exercise of their rights, so far as National affairs are concerned.

That law is as just and impartial as any statute can be, framed by the wisdom of man.

It interferes with no elections for State or local officers—those matters being wholly within the jurisdiction of the respective State Governments. It merely exercises the right of self-defense, in providing that no State or local authority, and no villains professing to act under such authority, shall prevent a full and fair expression of public opinion in the choice of National officers (Congressmen and Presidential Electors) on the part of all the legal voters in every section of the land. And, of course, it provides adequate penalties against offenders—for such laws would be valueless without proper punishment for their violation.

It does, indeed, provide stringently for punishing culprits who, under any pretext, violate the safety and purity of the National elections—and herein lies its special excellence. It denounces legal vengeance against any and all persons who violate the purity of elections, either by preventing lawful voters from casting their ballots or by allowing repeaters and other villains to vote unlawfully, or by stuffing ballot-boxes or miscounting votes. It is also justly severe against another class of scoundrels, who try to effect the same objects by preventing lawful voters from attending and exercising their legal rights at the polls. The law just passed by Congress, and approved by the President, "hath this extent—no more."

And what is there in all this to justify the virulence with which the National Government is assailed for the exercise of a constitutional right essential for its very existence? This most sacred right has been flagitiously invaded by local influences in different sections of the Union; and that Government has been required, by complaints from millions all over the land, to provide that, whatever State officers may do with State elections and State votes, they shall not violate the rights of electors of any party in canvasses for National officers.

The National Government has thus long refrained from exercising this great and salutary constitutional power—supposing that State election-laws would be sufficient to insure justice for all parties at the polls. Its forbearance in having thus long confined these matters wholly to State legislation, is now pleaded, by a certain class of persons, as a reason why it should not now exercise the power. But it would be wronging the great mass of all parties to believe that any impartial person, reading and judging for himself, will say that there is anything about it which should excite indignation—excepting only as indignation may be aroused against the electioneering rascilities that rendered such a law necessary for the protection of honest voters at elections for National officers.

Although our remarks are of general application—referring to the rights and wrongs of citizens of all parties, in all regions of the United States—there is no need of looking for examples beyond our own State, as New York and Brooklyn furnish sufficient illustration of the necessity for better regulations at elections—inasmuch as even the recent election—and that, too, for judicial officers—was disgraced by frauds of enormous character—ballot-box stuffing and "repeating" and miscounting votes being carried to such an extreme, in some of the New York wards, that the fraudulent returns from some of the districts showed almost twice as many votes as there were lawful voters therein.

These matters come home to the rights and interests of every lawful voter—to all honest men of all parties throughout the land. If State officers or tribunals will not properly protect the purity of elections—will not efficiently protect all voters in exercising their legal rights—what true-hearted man will complain

of a law that affords redress, at least as far as National elections are concerned, by allowing appeals for justice to the National tribunals—to the officers of the United States courts in all sections of the Republic?

If electors may be browbeaten, and ballot-boxes tampered with, and election returns falsified by repeaters and other villains, of what lessened value is the elective franchise—the great right on which every honest American citizen relies for vindicating his personal rights and sustaining the purity of government!

This is not a mere partisan or sectional question. Far from it. It concerns every voter in each party throughout the whole Union—especially as a fraud in elections in any part of the Union may turn the scale for or against either of the contending parties in the National elections.

JUNK-SHOP LITERATURE.

A PERIODICAL is about being issued in England which shall be made up from the rejected writings of the incipient novelists, poets, and *littérateurs* in the English tongue. It is supposed that there will be nothing so poor in style or thought as to be rejected as unworthy the columns of this ill-literate paper.

The success of the first few numbers is not doubtful, but whether the interest will not be lost then—that is the question.

The mass of matter which is sent to every paper and journal and magazine in any country which never sees the light of print is immense—far greater than any one not conversant with literary pursuits would imagine. Three-quarters of this is rejected; but this does not mean that it is unworthy of print.

There is indeed an immense quantity written by fledgling bards, by imaginary statesmen, by prospective novelists, schoolgirls, college-boys—by the thousands of women who wish to add to their toilet, by men desirous of eking out a scanty income.

Some write, and expect it to be inserted and paid for from charity. It grieves one's heart to see the manuscript that finds its way to the waste-baskets. Those who have passed through this sphere of adolescence sympathize with these laudable but vain attempts.

All these writers are certain that their papers were highly meritorious. In this new journal they can see just how good they were. There they will be printed—only, we imagine that they will have to pay something for this privilege.

Then there are a large number of excellent articles declined, because not available. Some are too long—and this is a very common fault. Some are written so badly, the "reader" is unwilling to spend the time required to decipher them. An unknown writer must write plain, else the chances are very great that it never gets fairly read, but is declined.

Immense are the quantities of sonnets, and lines to a lap-dog, or to a lady on her birthday; to a father and mother on their golden wedding, or something of the same character. The authors of these will gladly pay to have their tributes of affection arrayed in the glory of type. Poetry will form the greater part of the magazine, we imagine.

The grand question is, not whether it will find material sufficient, but whether it will find paying readers. But if subscribers are scarce, every writer will want several score of papers, and willingly pay for them; but even if given away—if in sufficient quantities—the advertisements in sufficient numbers can be obtained to pay all the expenses.

The history of authorship is a record of publishers' and editors' blunders. These men have their own ideas, and naturally enough think anything directly the opposite, good for nothing. The community sometimes reverses their decisions, and some of the greatest authors who have ever lived have had their immortal works rejected by editors and publishers.

ELECTRICITY VERSUS OCEAN DANGERS.

The collision with a British vessel, whereby our steam-frigate *Oneida* was destroyed, with most of her crew, on the Japanese coast, and the destruction of the passenger-steamer *City of Boston*, with all her inmates, by probable contact with an Atlantic iceberg, should stimulate arrangements for preventing recurrence of similar calamities.

Science and ingenuity can surely devise means for warning against dangers of this kind. Bell-ringing and ordinary lights being insufficient to secure safety in foggy weather, some mode of warning is required that will prove serviceable amid the thickest fogs in day-time, as well as during the ordinary darkness of night.

Electricity, which facilitates correspondence through the world, finds another triumph in supplying the great desideratum for promoting safety in navigation. The Electric Light, now sufficiently tested in a few French and British lighthouses and war-vessels, will render collisions almost impossible, wherever employed for such service. This Light is pre-eminently valuable for its power of penetrating fog, through

which it may be seen for several miles beyond that furnished in any other way—affording ample time for approaching vessels to avoid each other, and also sufficient warning of danger from proximity to coast or iceberg.

The only objection is the cost, but that is insignificant in comparison with the insurance it furnishes against loss of life and property. The destruction of even the two steamers above-named, irrespective of the lives of crews and passengers—saying nothing of other recent calamitous collisions—actually cost more than all the Electric Lights requisite in the whole American Navy, and all the Atlantic passenger-steamers for twenty years. But what is the loss of property compared with the wholesale destruction of human life in those terrible catastrophes?

The cost of generating Electric Light, even now, should not prevent its immediate introduction everywhere, on war and passenger-steamers, if not in other vessels. And surely science and ingenuity can soon devise cheaper modes of supplying the great want. Demand would doubtless, in this as in nearly all other cases, quickly result in stimulating inventions that would largely reduce the price—though, we repeat, the price, even now, is insufficient to justify further neglect of this great Light on steamers freighted with human life. The law for inspecting and licensing such vessels should be promptly amended so as to include apparatus for producing Electric Light, as a measure of precaution equally important with the requirement for boats and life-preservers.

Owners of passenger-steamers should require no compulsion in such matters; and yet, see how inattentive many of them are to the provisions against over-crowding their vessels, while leaving them insufficiently supplied with life-saving apparatus! Hence, the propriety of legal coercion. And it is to be hoped that another session of Congress will not be allowed to pass without legislation in this particular. The Government, meantime, should show a good example, and procure from Europe, if not found at home, sufficient means for generating Electric Light in all our war-steamers—and this would probably be followed by similar additions in prominent passenger-steamers—measures of precaution indispensably necessary for preventing repetitions of the horrors involved in the destruction of the ill-fated vessels for which the land is now mourning.

INDIA WITHIN TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION.—On Thursday, June 23d, a note was sent by Ocean Telegraph to the President of the United States, announcing, in the name of the Viceroy of India, the extension of the telegraph cable via the Mediterranean and Red Seas, etc., to Bombay. The note, dated on the day of its reception, is as follows:

"The Viceroy of India for the first time speaks directly by telegraph with the President of the United States. May this long line of uninterrupted communication be the emblem of lasting union between the Eastern and the Western worlds."

The President returned an appropriate reply. In a few months—perhaps before the close of the present year—the earth will be girdled with the electric wire, and communication be all but instantaneous. It requires only the successful laying of the cable in the depths of the Pacific Ocean, which that most enterprising of gentlemen connected with telegraphy, Cyrus Field, contemplates, to bring Asia within as near communicating distance—measuring space by the swing of the pendulum—with America, as is to-day Europe and India as far east as Bombay. A few years hence, and on this "great, round globe" there will be no place so distant, or so sealed to civilization, that the electric wire shall not reach it and thrill the world with the world's secrets.

SLAVERY ABOLISHED IN THE SPANISH COLONIES.—The Cortes, sitting at Madrid, are contemplating a plan for the immediate, in some instances, and in others the prospective, manumission of slaves in the Spanish colonies. All children born since 1868, it is proposed, shall be declared free, their owners being compensated for their loss; and all negroes born before that year, who have arrived at the age of sixty-five years, are to be relieved of all obligations to their masters, without compensation for future possible service. This will be a grand step, if taken, toward the establishment of equal rights on the part of Spain—one which would have been deemed impossible within the present century a decade ago.

NITRO-GLYCERINE.—It is, we believe, a felonious offense to cause to be conveyed by land or water, where life is put in jeopardy, any dangerous chemical compound, such as nitro-glycerine or ordinary gunpowder, without informing the carrier of its presence. But this notification is often evaded, and thus, in the crowded thoroughfares of towns and cities, people are placed nearer the gates of death than they would care to be, or would be, if they knew what was rolling past, often jostling them on the public way. Curiously enough, on the afternoon of Thursday, June 23, two terrific explosions of nitro-glycerine, involving

loss of life and the destruction of property, happened in cities distant from each other by nearly three hundred miles; and each shows how reprehensible, how inexcusable was the conduct of those who placed the terrible explosive in the care of careless and ignorant cartmen. In Worcester, Mass., we are told "that while a package of nitro-glycerine was being smuggled through on a train of cars, it exploded and killed one man outright and injured thirty others, at the same time demolishing twelve houses in the vicinity of the depot." Within an hour of the occurrence of this accident, a cartman, while driving through one of the public streets of Jersey City, N. J., a load of household furniture, was blown straight up in the air, and then fell to the street, dead. In the furniture, shattered by the explosion, a copper kettle was found, which, it is believed, contained nitro-glycerine, and which, possibly, was exploded by the vessel being jarred against other articles piled on the cart. A contemporary, referring to these fatal events, justly observes "that the grasping avarice that brought about the disaster in Massachusetts, as well as the one in New Jersey, deserves the severest punishment. The crime is, to put it in its very mildest form, taking the chance of murder, which is a very few degrees removed from premeditated purpose."

THE ATTORNEY-GENERALSHIP.—The nomination by the President of Mr. Ackerman, of Georgia, to the Attorney-Generalship, vice Mr. Hoar, resigned, was confirmed on Thursday, June 23d, by the Senate of the United States. Little is known of Mr. Ackerman as a statesman or lawyer. He has his reputation to make. It is, however, believed by those who know the new cabinet officer most intimately—and among them may be named Mr. Hoar, who urged his nomination as one of the Supreme Court Judges—that he possesses talents of the highest order, and that he will certainly do credit to the President's discernment.

THE following notice has been sent to all bankers and brokers on this continent: "United States notes, series of 1869. Two thousand notes, of ten dollars each, from No. H3,630,001*, to No. H3,532,000*, both inclusive, have been stolen from the Treasury at Washington, D. C. No \$10 notes, of a number higher than H3,236,000* have been issued. The public should look out for the stolen notes. A liberal reward will be paid to any person through whose instrumentality the thief may be detected, by G. E. SPINNER, Treasurer U. S."

EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.—The present Government of Great Britain seems resolved on placing the means of a sound education within the power of every child-subject of the crown. The only difficulty that lies in the way of the immediate adoption of a system of education not dissimilar to the very effective one which prevails in Prussia, is the question of religion. Some desire that English youth should be educated religiously, while others contend for an education that shall be purely secular.

I.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

EGOTISM, which is the personal expression of the idea that the individual is "a little smarter" than any one else, is very apt to be generally offensive. It is, therefore, in bad taste, and is very properly to be reprobated and avoided on ordinary occasions, and by ordinary people. Yet, what would be a drum-major without this persistent self-assertion? Where would anything discoverable be found in not a few of our supposed great men, were it not for a continual self-assertion? Where is the greatness of our prince-visitor to be found, unless in the tacit assertion of a certain something which is not apparent, and which appertains to the "divine right of kings"!

But so it is throughout the world. The gilt chains and flashy rings of the gambler, with his self-assertion, pass him along as a man of wealth. The dash and hurly-burly of the shop pass of many a merchant as a millionaire. A few commonplaces, pompously enunciated, make the reputation of an orator. Another's phrase, that "treason should be made odious," self-asserted, gave a patriot's reputation. In fact, it is very generally true, that a little blacking with a good deal of saliva will make a shine in the world.

There was a sublimity of egotistical self-assertion during the Irish riot, when a single, stalwart Milesian of red-bearded visage, unkempt hair, and tattered clothing, marched alone in his glory through the middle of Second avenue at midday, and down its entire length from about Thirty-fourth street. He had no arms or equipments of any kind, except a bar from a broken-down iron fence, which he brandished most vigorously, while, defiantly dependent from his other arm, the tail of his coat dragged in the dust. Immediately behind him was a big boy with a huge drum, which he beat most pertinaciously. Straggling after them were some five or six hundred boys, some so small as to be scarcely able to walk, but hooting and hallooing like mad, all evidently inspired by the grandeur of their self-improvised leader, and seeming to have no other interest except, in gangs of a half dozen or more, to rob any un-

lucky person of his watch or convenient stamps, as he stood in his own doorway, attracted thither by the unusual noise, and the general excitement incident to those days of terror. But deeply as he was momentarily self-impressed by his sudden greatness, the sight of a couple of policemen would have quickly dispelled it. Painful indeed must have been the setting of that brilliant sun!

How different is self-assertion! Impressed with power, feeling the divine afflatus, the whole part and bearing of the man unconsciously betrays the soul within, *et vera incessu patuit dea*. Such was the presence of the greatest American of the nineteenth century. Dan Webster well deserved the epithet so generally applied to him, of the Godlike. With such as he there can be no arrogance. When he opened his mouth in the Senate, or at the bar, it was with no self-estimation, though he knew that from it would flow the deepest thoughts, the noblest reasoning, marshalled with all the beauty and force of expression which the language possessed.

There is but one form of intellectuality—if it can be properly included in intelligence, before which such mentality can stand overshadowed. The angelic purity of some natures is so ethereal, spiritual, and immaculate, that mere power seems valueless and naught.

Perhaps it may have been our lot to have seen such an one in life! What an effluvium has seemed to exhale from their presence, till we begin to realize that the *nimbus* with which the great artists have clothed their imperfect representations of divinity and sainted men and women, were no imaginings or fancied allegory, but real copies of the appearance of these spiritual persons whose natures seemed free from the dross of ordinary clay, and had become sublimated and purified into a sphere above manhood. How different this from the arrogance of egotism, which, by its mere presence, excites antagonism and denial.

Yet, egotism is not necessarily pretension, any more than the bully is a coward. There is merit that is not modest; power that is arrogant and encroaching; greatness without goodness.

If possession is nine points in law, self-assertion is surely a very great step toward it, and at least is the other point—there being, it is supposed, but ten. The challenger has a recognized advantage. After a disputed battle, the side that recommences has the odds in its favor. He who plays the first pawn chooses the game.

Life is a battle, in which few have allies, and where each must carry his own banner, defend himself, and alone strive for victory. To be sure, few fields are won by Chinese smudge-pots and sounding-gongs, but not a few surrender to apparent numbers and claims to superiority. An offensive egotism, repulsive and useless, not unfrequently deceives the individual himself, for his constant assertions, unwittingly, too often become unfounded beliefs, and not till too late does he find how weak was the reed on which he leaned.

We must not expect too much of our weak human nature, but be willing to accord the slight imperfection of egotism as an offset to those qualities which constitute greatness, and willingly bear with its offensiveness in repayment for the benefits accruing from the more estimable quality.

In a few exemplar-men, like our soldier-citizen-President, do we find the highest endowments combined with the most unassuming modesty. Such rare instances of unusual attributes will serve for patterns to approximate, with little expectation to equal either in attainments or humility.

IN MEMORIAM—CHAS. DICKENS.

THE good die, and the great die, but those who are both great and good live forever. Charles Dickens is not dead, but sleepeth; and while his mortal part rests, waiting the resurrection, in Westminster Abbey, all nations mourn his loss, while Britain and America—whose peoples speak the tongue in which he wrote—feel in his loss not only a special grief, but, in their common grief, add another link in the great international cable of literary sympathy.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and by his inimitable pictures of humanity, Charles Dickens has brought every man, woman and child in this world of ours into closer communication with every other man, woman and child in it.

He has left the world better, because brighter, than he found it. And this one fact shall forever keep his memory green.

The creations of his fancy—*Pickwick*, *Weller*, Little Nell and her grandfather, Paul Dombey, Smike, and all the rest—will forever be associated with the tomb of "Boz," and invest it as with a halo, but his great title to the grateful remembrance of posterity will lie in the heart, rather than the head, of Charles Dickens. He was the well-wisher and the well-doer for humanity. He was the poor man's, ay, and the poor woman's, friend. And herein lies his most glorious epitaph—"His monument shall be his works alone."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Speech Day at Eton, England

The 4th of June, says the *London Graphic*, "which is both the great aquatic festival and the Speech Day, gives to Eton an unusual appearance of freshness and gaiety. The river and the playing-fields cavabine to attract many whose recollections of the past or ties of the present centre in those scenes. This year the weather, which often somewhat mars the festivities, proved favorable; and a bright day added greatly to the pleasures of strangers and boys. The day opened with a short service at half-past eight, and from this time until 11 A.M. visitors flocked in. "Absence" in the school-yard was followed by speeches, when a large and distinguished company assembled in the Upper School to hear the selection. The speeches were

good. At the close of the afternoon service in the chapel, the faculty of the college entertained a number of visitors. At 6:30 P.M. the boats started in procession—the Defiance leading, the Monarch closing—to the railway bridge, returning in reversed order. The boats with their crews left Surly, after a collision, at 8 P.M., and arrived at the Brocas in an hour and a quarter. Their appearance was the signal for the commencement of the fireworks, which, in the darkness of the night, lighted up the river with great splendor; while the crews, as they passed the spectators who lined both banks, stood up in their boats, and called forth hearty cheers. "Floreat Etona" was the last to be fired, and its appearance elicited another burst of applause, to which the Eton boys contributed largely.

Presentation Ceremonies at the Court of Siam.

At Siam, the people judge their kings after death, and the pomp and ceremony of the funeral is proportioned to the degree of esteem in which he is held during lifetime. The funeral of the late King was celebrated with an extraordinary magnificence, was attended by an immense concourse of people from every part of the kingdom, and was interesting and instructive in the highest degree, as illustrative of the manners and customs of this strange people. Space permits us to give only a casual glance at some of the most interesting features of this peculiar ceremonial. The royal remains were reduced to ashes on a pile three hundred feet high, called a *maene*, built of odoriferous wood, in the form of a Buddhist temple. It was strewed with lotus-flowers, sacred to Buddha, and white fabrics, curiously worked with representations of angels, demons, fantastic personages, and animals of the national mythology. For seven days previous to the ceremony largesses are distributed among the people, and sometimes large sums are disposed of, of the king taking the initiative by throwing a handful of gold pieces, jewels, diamonds, and other precious stones. The funeral ceremonies were ended by a review, after which the army, wishing to give their present sovereign a proof of their attachment, presented him, through their general, a medal commemorative of the event. This forms the subject of our engraving, and is admirably drawn.

A Spanish Demonstration in Favor of Espartero.

Burgos is a city, of considerable importance, in the interior of Spain. It was recently the scene of a popular outburst in favor of the pretensions of Espartero to the throne of Spain. The usual firing of cannon, rockets, etc., took place, and the evening was devoted to making speeches, in which Espartero's claims were advanced with an ardor and vigor which would have electrified a political stump-speaker. In the morning a procession took place, led by two heralds carrying a banner, with the inscription, "Espartero Rey." Espartero is one of the most popular men in Spain, tall, handsome, and commanding presence, and is the only great general of the present century they have yet produced. The engraving is a faithful reproduction of the original, and as such we commend it to our readers.

The Brigands of Greece.

The murder of the English travelers, Messrs. Herbart, Vyner, and Lloyd, and the Italian Count de Boy, by the brigands of Attica, who had captured them on the road between Athens and Marathon (illustrations of which, and the place of attempt at rescue, we gave a few weeks since), is fresh in the memory of our readers. On the putting to death of the travelers, Takos Arvanitaki and nine other brigands escaped the pursuit of the Greek cavalry at Schimatari, but several of them were afterward caught. Three of the malefactors—namely, Photis Georgiou, sometimes called Economos, the supposed murderer of Mr. Lloyd; Costas Agraphotos, said to have been once a monk; and Pericles Lioris—appear in a group, their photographs having been taken when they were brought to Athens for trial, with the soldiers by whom they were guarded. The trial took place on the 21st ult., in the large building called the Barbakion, which was densely crowded with spectators. The second engraving, taken during the trial, shows the aspect and arrangement of the spacious court-room. This hall is of handsome proportions, with white marble pillars, and fresco paintings on the ceiling. At the upper end, on a raised floor, sat the presiding Judge, with two assessors, one at each hand of him; on his right, also, was the King's Procurator or Attorney-General, at one end of the table; and on his left the clerk of the court. The jury sat beneath the window to the left hand of the President, and behind one of the pillars. The prisoners for trial, seven in number, were ranged on the lower floor, in front of the judges. They were all wounded, and two of them, Economos and Calomiris, being crippled, lay in litters on the floor. Their two advocates sat at a small table near them, and they were surrounded by guards. The trial, which was fairly conducted, began at half-past four in the afternoon, and was not brought to a close until half-past six of the following morning, when the prisoners were all found guilty, and condemned to death.

Sardine Fisheries in Brittany.

An interesting feature of the departure of the vessels for the sardine fisheries every recurring season is the blessing bestowed by the priest of the village on the stout-hearted going forth to brave the perils of the deep. The wives, children, friends and relatives of the seamen crowding round to say good-by; the vessels in the background on the restless sea; the long, gray hair of the priest falling over his shoulders, form a *tout ensemble* which is artistic and picturesque in the highest degree, and our artist, we think, has succeeded admirably in giving us a truthful representation of the original.

The Jumna in the Suez Canal.

When this gigantic work was first completed, it was feared that, through the elevated table-lands of El-Guir and Tassoun, the accumulation of sand would be so great as to retard, if not prevent, the passage of large ships like the Jumna. The passage of the Jumna from one end to the other, without meeting with any serious embarrassment, is a triumph for its friends, and complete refutation to its enemies. We hope now that those who first raised this question will gracefully yield their point, and give way to those whose well-known ability and engineering skill entitle them pre-eminently to be heard on this question.

THADDEUS STEVENS preferred burial in an obscure burying ground, rather than in either of the two beautiful cemeteries in Lancaster, in both of which he owned lots, because colored people could not be buried there; and over his grave in his obscure resting-place is a plain marble with his own inscription: "I lie here because the earth is free to all. Thaddeus Stevens."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. WATTS PHILLIPS is writing a comedy of modern life, and a new drama.

SPECIAL attractions were furnished at the principal London theatres on Whitsuntide.

JOHN BROUHAM'S "Red Light" still flashes upon large audiences at Wallack's Theatre.

A new historical drama, by Mr. Tom Taylor, is in preparation at the Queen's, London.

Mlle. DINAH FELIX, youngest sister of the great Rachel, is the theatrical sensation at Paris.

"CHILPERIC" is to be revived, and played alternately with "Little Faust" at the Lyceum, London.

MR. ANDREW HALLIDAY'S comedy, "For Love or Money," is to be reproduced in the autumn at London.

THE Tammany Theatre, New York, after struggling against fate for nearly a year, has just succeeded.

WILKIE COLLINS is writing a dramatic version of his novel, "Man and Wife," for the English and American stage.

THE Park Theatre, Brooklyn, continues to draw good houses, Mrs. Conway being one of our most active theatrical managers.

THE spring season at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, E. D., closed last week, and an excellent programme was presented.

SHANGHAI, not hitherto remarkable for musical associations, is to have its Philharmonic Society, founded by Remusat, the flautist.

"SHYLOCK IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," a dramatic reverie, by R. H. Horne, author of "Orion," has just been published in English and French.

GOTTSCHALK'S sisters, Clara and Blanche, will appear before the New York public the coming winter—the former as a pianist, the latter as a singer.

BRYANT'S Minstrels, having brought their entertainments at the Tammany Theatre to a close, are giving a series of popular concerts at Washington, D. C.

SIGNOR CAMPANA'S opera of "Esmeralda" is in active rehearsal at the London Covent Garden. It is said the dressers will be the most magnificent ever produced in this country.

DR. JAMES PECK, who has been so honorably prominent in the late New York Festival, is reported to be one of the best conductors of oratorio and sacred music in the country.

THE inaugural performance of the summer season at the Terrace Garden, Third avenue and Fifty-ninth street, New York, came off on the 23d, with the opera-bouffe of "Barbe Bleue."

MR. J. A. DAWSON, the accomplished pianist, who has recently made so successful a tour in the South, where his playing has been very greatly admired, has returned to New York.

CHARLES READE'S "Put Yourself in His Place," having been dramatized, has been offered to the English public, at the London Adelphi, who received it with much enthusiasm.

"THE Field of the Cloth of Gold" held possession of the stage at the Olympic Theatre, New York, last week, where the Mrs. Oates burlesque troupe have won hundreds of friends.

THE summer season at Tony Pastor's Opera House, New York, is now fairly under way. The "Female Highwayman," and the burlesque of "Cinderella," were the attractions of the past week.

THE closing performances of "The Twelve Temptations," at the Grand Opera House, New York, have been announced. The warm weather has failed to diminish the attendance upon this unique spectacular piece.

A THEATRE for the people is to be built at St. Petersburg, a Royal Commission having been entrusted with its construction. It is to accommodate 2,350, and the charges for admission are to range from 2d. upward.

OPHEONISTES in the French provinces are commencing their annual choral festivities in the open air. In nearly every case the municipal authorities assist in the proceedings, and M. le Maire distributes the prizes.

THE Central Park Garden Concerts are the most attractive entertainments for the heated season. The building is remarkably cool; while for the music, the mere name of Theodore Thomas is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence.

THE various public grounds of New York, where music is furnished by the Central Park Band, are crowded on concert evenings by the working classes, who have few other means of enjoying first-class operatic, patriotic, and sacred music.

THE Crystal Palace and gardens at Sydenham attracted thousands upon thousands of Whitsuntide holiday folk. Inside the palace all was animation and gaiety from an early hour in the morning. A long and varied list of amusements had been prepared for the delectation of the palace patrons.

RICHARD COKER, the boy soprano who excited so much attention a few years ago, is now eighteen years old, and is living at Peterboro, England. His voice promises to be a delicious tenor. He has made great progress as a pianist, and in the knowledge of modern languages and of music generally.

A ROMANTIC drama, "The Huguenot," is being represented at Booth's Theatre, New York. The piece carries the mind back to the time of St. Bartholomew's massacre, and the career of the Huguenot is certainly one of great spice and variety. The play is admirably put on the stage, the decorations are fine, and the tableaux striking and effective.

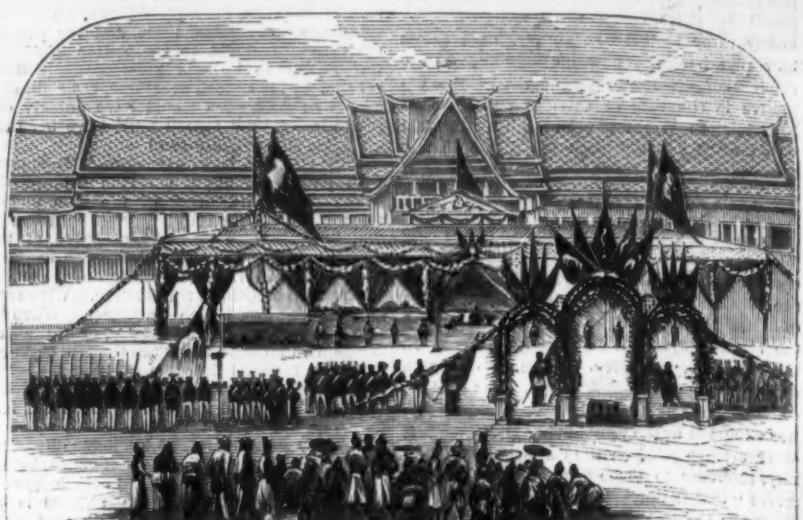
THIS is the way the English criticise American theatres: "At Wallack's (the Haymarket of America) they have been playing all the old and dryest English plays and comedies that could be exhausted. It is amusing (for a limited time) to watch the countenances of the audience and actors getting through the performance. The attention and applause of the one, and the intonation and liveliness of the other, are about equal to that of a fashionable church congregation, reader and preacher."

THE excellent company now engaged at Wood's Museum has been, for the past week, performing the farce of "Popsey Wopsey," in which Little Nell, the Californian Diamond, made a decided hit. The characters were sustained by S. Mentayer, T. W. Keene, G. C. Charles, T. Rooney, Miss Therese Wood and Alice Loran. The Martinetti troupe perform "Jocko, the Brazilian Ape." The houses, despite the warm weather, have been remarkably good, for Wood's Museum is really one of the coolest theatres in the city.

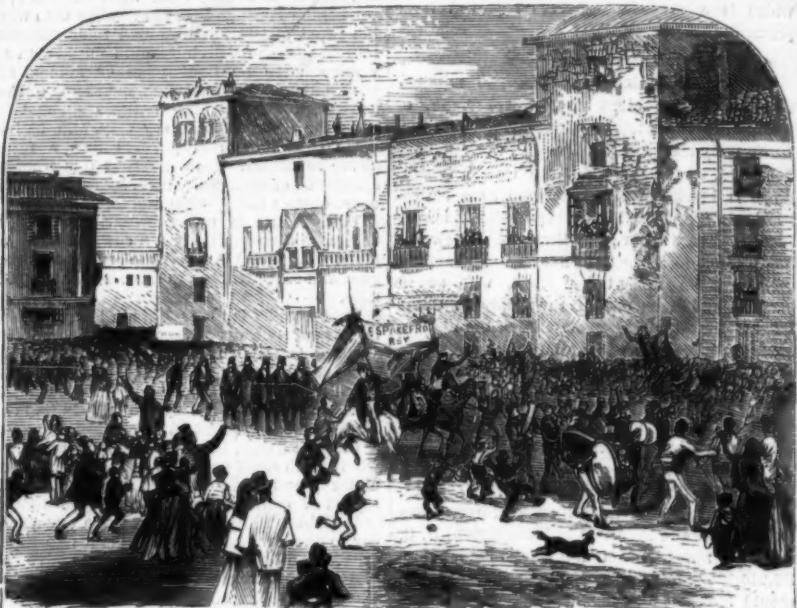
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 259.



ENGLAND.—AQUATIC FESTIVAL AND SPEECH DAY AT ETON—THE PROCESSION OF EIGHTS ON THE RIVER THAMES.



SIAM.—PRESENTATION, AT THE CAPITAL CITY OF BANGKOK, OF A MEDAL TO THE NEW KING, COMMEMORATIVE OF THE CREMATION OF HIS IMMEDIATE PREDECESSOR.



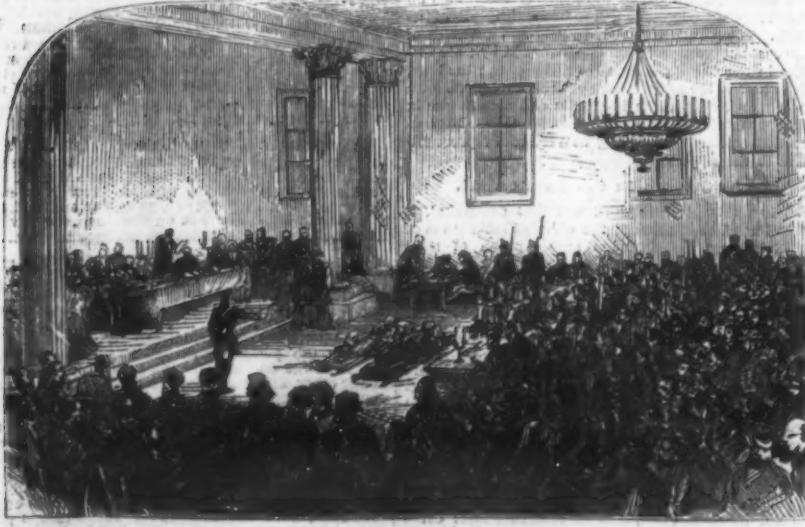
SPAIN.—PROCESSION OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE CITY OF BURGOS, IN HONOR OF THE CANDIDATURE OF ESPARTERO TO THE THRONE OF SPAIN.



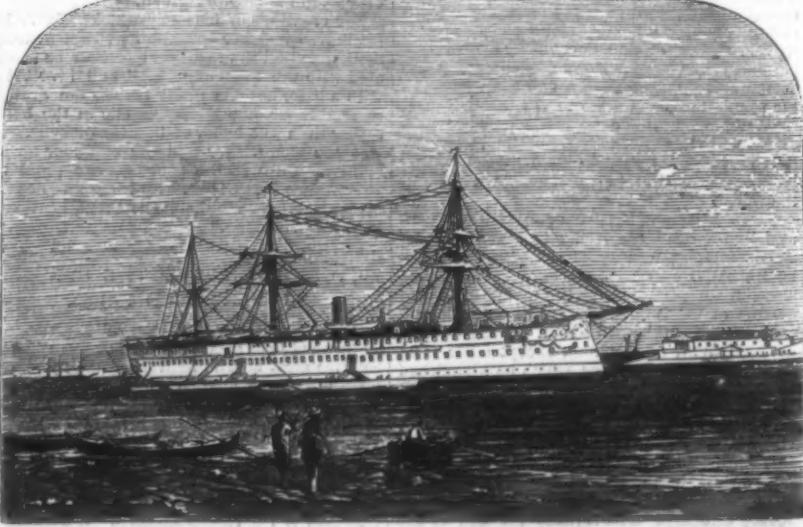
FRANCE.—THE SARDINE FISHERY OFF THE COAST OF BRITTANY—BENEDICTION OF THE SEA, PREVIOUS TO THE DEPARTURE OF THE FISHING-BOATS.



GREECE.—THE GREEK BRIGANDS OF ATTICA, CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF THE ENGLISH AND ITALIAN TRAVELERS, BROUGHT PRISONERS TO ATHENS.



GREECE.—TRIAL OF THE GREEK BRIGANDS IN THE COURT OF THE BARRAKERION, ATHENS, BEFORE THE PRESIDING JUDGE, THE TWO AMBASSADORS, AND THE KING'S PROCURATOR.



EGYPT.—PORT SAID—THE PASSAGE THROUGH THE SUA CANAL, EASTWARD, OF THE BRITISH FRIGATE JUNIPER.



AN INCIDENT ON THE PLAINS.—A PASSENGER TRAIN ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD ATTACKED BY A WAR PARTY OF INDIANS.—FROM A SKETCH FURNISHED BY A PASSENGER.

A PASSENGER TRAIN ATTACKED BY A WAR PARTY OF INDIANS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the plaintive assertion of the Indian chiefs that their tribes want peace, and that on the withdrawal of the United States regulars from certain localities, and the removal of certain

form, they will give themselves entirely to agricultural pursuits, such incidents as the one we have illustrated will do more toward preventing the consummation of their wishes than any promises to the contrary.

A passenger train bound east from Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, on the evening of June 14th, was assaulted by a squad of mounted Indians, who fired upon the travelers through the windows. No persons were injured, neither was the train damaged. Sixteen horses belonging to the party were killed, and a large amount of robes, bows, arrows, etc., scattered along the track. These cases of lawlessness fully justify the presence of well-armed and mounted soldiers; for common humanity, no less than the demands of business, requires the safe passage of every train from Omaha westward.

have their faces and persons photographed. Spotted Tail and Red Cloud, and other Sioux, on being invited, declined, alleging, if they submitted, the Great Spirit would be angry with them, and they would die. They were, however, finally induced to stand before the camera, but, at the critical moment, their superstitious no-

tions got the better of their judgment, and they became so uneasy that their features were blurred, and therefore of no value. Despairing of convincing Red Cloud and Spotted Tail of the improbability of the Great Spirit being angry with them for having their pictures taken, Mr. Brady permitted them to go back to

their native wilderness as they had left it—unphotographed.

CHINESE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The presence of a large body of Mongolians in a shoe-factory at North Adams, Mass.—brought there on contract by that indefatigable importer of Chinamen, Mr. Koopmanschap—has caused unusual interest among all classes connected with mechanical pursuits throughout the country.

Some time ago, the proprietor of the shoe-factory at North Adams, Mr. Sampson, quarreled with his workmen about the compensation to which they claimed they were entitled, and the operatives, backed by a powerful trade organization, the Knights of St. Crispin, put aside their lapstones, and declared they would not submit to the reductions in their scale of prices their employé demanded. Of course they had a right to retire from the shop, and Mr. Sampson the same right to fill the places vacated by these persons as he thought would work for such compensation as he was disposed to give. Finding he could not employ men of the Caucasian race, Mr. Sampson communicated with Koopmanschap, who, without unnecessary delay, forwarded a "large invoice, in fair condition," of Chinamen.

These strangers seem to be intelligent, apt to learn, and industrious. They are engaged for a term of years, at a low rate of wages.

They appear to be quite contented with their lot. They have thus far proved their ability to make good shoes; but they appear greatly puzzled when

SIOUX CHIEFS AND WARRIORS.

DURING the recent visit to Washington of the Sioux delegations—the Brules, headed by Spotted Tail, and the Ogalallas, by Red Cloud—Mr. Brady, the photographer, but not without much persuasion, succeeded in inducing the Brule chiefs and warriors, who rejoice in the names of Bear Skin, Red Fox, Red Dog, Rocky Bear, and Living Bear, to stand and sit long enough to



WASHINGTON, D. C.—PORTRAITS OF RED DOG AND OTHER PROMINENT INDIANS OF THE SIOUX NATION.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

they attempt to operate the pegging-machine. They get along very well with the sides of the sole, but the moment they attempt to turn the toe-end of it they let it run off. This, the person who has undertaken to instruct the Celestials says, is difficult at first, but they will soon overcome it, and turn out shoes as neatly pegged as the trade demands. In the Bottomers' Room, where the bottom of the shoe or boot is prepared, the Chinese, at the end of a few hours' instruction, went to work understandingly, and, at the close of the week, turned soles out as rapidly and as satisfactorily as those who have operated in this branch of the trade for years.

To these departments of shoemaking, pegging and bottoming, the Chinese, for the present, are to be confined. The cutting, lasting, sewing, and finishing branches are still in the hands of white men and girls, employees of Mr. Sampson who declined to leave his establishment when ordered by the trade's union of which the strikers are members. Should they, however, be so unwise as to leave, Mr. Sampson intends putting all branches of the business in the hands of the Mongolians, and thus conduct his establishment in entire defiance of the Knights of St. Crispin. Should he succeed in his venture—and that he will is now admitted by even those who are indisposed to the movement—hundreds of employers engaged in the shoe business, and the companies running spindles and looms at Lowell and elsewhere in New England, will contract for large companies of Chinamen, and with them displace their present operatives. The working people of Massachusetts, and indeed of all the States, are keenly alive to the present attempt to supplant them by the yellow-skinned strangers; but, while they freely admit the danger, they do not seem to be greatly alarmed. The leaders of the trades' associations are waiting, they say, until the capitalists prove the unvaluelessness of the Chinamen, when they propose taking him in hand as the cheapest of machines, and, by co-operation, run him in opposition to capital. Whether they will succeed in this, is a question which cannot now be answered.

The engravings on the first and eighth pages of the present issue show the strangers as they stand in the pegging and bottoming-shop, receiving instruction; and, in their sleeping chamber, in the factory itself, where they may be seen in their berths or climbing to the places assigned them for repose, at the close of the day's work. The object of keeping the strangers confined to the workshop is to prevent them from being brutally assailed, should they venture outside, by the strikers.

THE YEARS.

WHAT DO I OWE THE YEARS, THAT I SHOULD BRING
GREEN LEAVES TO CROWN THEM KING?
BROWN, BARREN SANDS, THE THISTLE AND THE BRIER;
DEAD LOVE, AND MOCKED DESIRE,
AND SORROW, VAST AND PITILESS AS THE SEA;
THESE ARE THEIR GIFTS TO ME.

WHAT DO I OWE THE YEARS, THAT I SHOULD LOVE
AND SING THE PRAISE THEREOF?
PERHAPS THE LARK'S CLEAR CAROL WAKES WITH MORN,
AND WINDS, AMID THE CORN,
CLASH FAIRY CYMBALS; BUT I MISS THE JOYS,
MISSING THE TENDER VOICE—
SWEET AS A THROSTLE AFTER APRIL RAIN—
THAT MAY NOT SING AGAIN.

THE WIFE'S PLOT; OR, THE PRIDE OF THE HATHERLEIGHS.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SUN was setting behind the great clump of cedars in Coryton park, and the western front of the castle was all ablaze with a purple and crimson glory. On the lawn late loiterers at croquet threw their mallets down, and with lagging steps, lingering by the way, turned homewards with thoughts of dress upon their minds; for it is that hour "when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper"—or dinner, in these days, when every meal is mis-called by some name not its own. Two loiterers are left standing alone on the sward, among croquet-balls and hoops.

"I had no idea it was so late, Milly," said the one of the nobler sex. "Hadn't we better pick up the mallets?"

Milly was his cousin—Millicent Hatherleigh. A little low-browed girl with auburn hair, never too smooth or tidy, and, like Silvia, "her eyes are green as grass," and full of an odd light hard to understand. This light flashed out from beneath brows and lashes so wonderfully black that their ebony hue made a most quaint contrast with her ruddy hair and her small rosy face. At first she seemed all eyes and tangled hair; but a second look gave the observer the dim outline of a tiny nose curved like a nymph's, and a child's mouth, as innocent as a very baby's, and as ready to smile, showing tiny teeth, not even; but prettier than symmetry could make them, and white as little lilies.

This was Milly, and she had won more hearts with her baby lips and her green eyes than she dared to tell of—a little creature, with no apparent wit and no guile; and yet taking big men captive with "one of her eyelashes," and with that frank, childish smile playing on her rosebud mouth, dooming them to utter despair or fierce torture, as she flirted with new-comers before their indignant eyes. Milly's unconscious innocence, as she does all this, had been lent her by Cupid himself. From no less a person could come such a wicked, deceptive, yet true and charming grace. Her soft, rounded cheeks and baby chin had even a look of little

Dan Cupid in their childish contour, and this, perhaps, was the secret fascination which drew so many flutterers within the power of her bow.

"Hadn't we better pick up the mallets?" said Lord Brimblecombe. But he made no effort to perform that task himself, rather preferring to lean against the huge lime which partly shaded the croquet-ground, and, cigar half smoked between his lazy fingers, stare at Milly.

"Why should we pick up the mallets?" she asked. "The servants, or the gardeners, or somebody, will do it for certain. But of course, if you prefer to take the work upon yourself, and be late for dinner, I won't hinder you."

"You are hindering me now, Milly."

"Why, what am I doing?" said Milly, turning her green orbs upon her cousin in innocent wonder.

"You are looking pretty, and standing right in my sight," he replied. "If you would 'vamoose,' as the Yankees say, I'd put the mallets away in two minutes. My respected mother is a fidget about her croquet; it is kept sacred from the hands of Plush & Co. Milly, your hair is splendid as you stand there in the sun."

Milly's hair is all tumbled down her back, and the pads which erstwhile piled it mountain-high above her brow, are thrust into her pocket. The sun, glinting on her from the west, turned the auburn waves to ruddy gold.

"I wish you would not laugh at me," she said, pettishly. "My hair is a hideous red, as you know, and it is always flying about like a Chinaman's."

Blazing with indignation, poor Milly walked on, blindly stumbling over a hoop as she went. She recovered herself instantly, but the liquid emerald of her eyes was suffused with vexed tears as she hurried onward to the house. In a moment her cousin was by her side.

"I want you to take my counsel kindly, Milly," he said, in quite an humble tone. "Don't break poor Duffer's heart; he is really a good fellow. And don't make a stalking-horse of me to frighten him; for really, Milly, that proceeding of yours tried my fraternal affection a little too much. However, I give you my honor I would not have poached on Duffer's ground if I had known it. We are friends, I hope."

This was said suddenly, with a wonderful kindling of the fire lying hidden in his deep blue eyes.

"Friends! What does it matter whether we are friends or enemies?"

Dragging her hand, which was turning quite cold now, from his hot grasp, Milly dashed up the grand staircase blindly.

"Cousins always make themselves as disagreeable as great, blundering brothers, whenever they have the chance," she snapped at him from over her shoulder, "but I don't perceive that you have any right at all to lecture me, and I am not going to bear it."

"As you please, Milly. I'll let you flirt in peace with all the neighborhood, if you like."

But Milly was flying down the corridor to her room, and, as he spoke, her door was closed with a little, quiet hand, by no means expressive of the fire within.

Nevertheless Milly, with her great eyes swimming in tears, would fain fling herself on her bed, and weep there "an hour by the clock." But this was impossible, for the loveliest blue and white dress was spread out on the snowy counterpane, and it would be utter destruction to all its crisp beauty to throw one's self down there in the midst of it, and cry one's heart out, enveloped in flattery. Moreover, here was Lady Augusta's maid, very sulky, staring hard at her tears, and protesting if "all the clocks in the castle were put back half-an-hour, she might be dressed in time, but otherwise it's an impossibility."

So Milly's sorrow was put away for a time; but it was still lying heavy enough at her heart, beating against the lovely blue and white dress, as her little high-heel shoes came pit-pat down the staircase, bringing the long train of that exquisite garment behind them in a musical rustle, sweet to the ear of an impatient lover.

"Angel's footsteps," whispered Duffer, as she passed in through the drawing-room door. "I knew it was you, Milly."

"Easy enough to know," she answered, seating herself on the first chair vacant, "when you counted heads, and saw I was the only dining-absent."

"You are wrong, Milly," he replied. "Miss Dalton is a greater culprit than yourself; she has not put in an appearance yet, and I am expecting every instant to hear the gong, and see my respectable papa look black as a nigga minstrel."

Milly did not pay much attention to this talk; she took a rapid glance round, saw Lady Coryton, large and placid, dozing behind her fan in an arm-chair; Lady Augusta, small and sharp, pretending to converse with an old general; saw her sisters in striking and graceful attitudes, sitting on an ottoman "smiling at grief," but inwardly lamenting themselves like Jephtha's daughter; saw sundry other dinner dumplings of sundry kinds; and lastly, saw Arthur Coryton—by courtesy Lord Brimblecombe—seated in a corner like the immortal Horner, devouring what plums he could find in a dreary book of prints. Beholding him there, melancholy and forlorn, a faint twitter of hope, a tiny flutter of satisfaction, warmed the poor little heart, beating with such dumb sorrow, and the green eyes began to clear wonderfully. Like "pools of Hebron" in the moonlight, or crystals of sea-green water, they deepened and darkened and flashed, as sunny hope crept through her veins again. Daring thoughts of sweeping the blue and white train across the great desert of carpet to the oasis where he sat, assailed Milly's breast, but at the very instant she rose, the gong frightened all the twaddlers around them into silence, and Duffer held out his arm with a beautiful smile of content.

With a great sigh, Milly laid the tips of her fingers on his sleeve, and she could not help straining her neck to see who had gained the Paradise which she had lost. Then she observed her cousin making his way between obstructing dowagers toward a quiet figure, which a moment before had glided into the room with the music of the gong—a lovely, graceful figure, dressed in softest pearly gray, unrelieved by any color except the pure rose of her cheeks, and the brown lustre of her hair.

CHAPTER XV.

"WHAT are you curious about?" asked Duffer, with ignorant good nature.

Milly did not answer him; her eyes were fixed on the girlish figure standing alone, timidly yet with gracious self-possession, like some lovely flower, calm and unconscious of its perfect beauty.

Ethel, however, sat apart, and no one seemed to care to intrude upon her solitude.

Mr. Dalton may be a man of genius—a great painter—but then every one knows he is only the son of a Welsh farmer; and although it has become the fashion to give him invitations, yet one does not quite want all his relations too, and it is rather hard that he will go nowhere without his daughter. The girl is very beautiful and talented, and has a wonderful grace and charm about her—there's no denying that, and there's no telling what may happen if she gets thrown into the society of eldest sons in this sort of way. "It really is very imprudent, my dear," the Honorable Mrs. Cushing whispered into the ears of Lady Augusta Hatherleigh.

Lady Augusta measured her discontent with one glance of her sharp eyes, and replied, laughing, "Oh, there is no danger of romantic marriages now-a-days. The modern man has no true drop of blood in him to be truly touched with love. If he is sad, he wants money."

"Quite true, my dear," returned Mrs. Cushing, "but Miss Dalton is really so very beautiful. By-the-by, isn't there some odd, romantic story about her mother?"

"Her mother?" repeated Lady Augusta. "Ah, yes; Mrs. Dalton was the daughter of a French noble, and she fell in love with the young painter, during a visit of his to Normandy. Mr. Dalton hates the subject to be mentioned."

"Why should he dislike to have his wife spoken of?" asked Mrs. Cushing.

"Well, he took her to England against her mother's wish, I believe, and coming back they were wrecked, but took to the boats; and she, poor girl, being delicate, was unable to bear the miseries they endured, and died just before he came. So he brought her back to her home dead; and the old French noble never forgave him."

Mrs. Cushing put up her eyeglass and looked across the room at Ethel's quiet, graceful figure.

"I don't wonder at that," she said; "but I suppose they are kind to their granddaughter."

"I have never heard of their noticing her," replied Lady Augusta.

"You really surprise me!" cried the fat lady.

Lady Augusta checked a yawn with the point of her fan, and Mrs. Cushing, accepting the hint, said no more.

Meawhile Milly had found her way to Ethel's side, and took note furtively of the rare loveliness of her face, and the ugly little imp of jealousy which tortures woman—not the strong demon that rends a man—came to Milly and whispered horribly in her ear, and she felt burning and chilled as by anague fit, and wondered whether Arthur would be sorry when she was dead.

Suddenly Ethel looked up, and saw the pretty little troubled face, and the green eyes fixed on hers doubtfully.

"You seem tired, Miss Hatherleigh," she said, in that wondrous sweet voice of hers. "Will you sit here? This is a very comfortable chair."

"No, no; why should I take your seat?"

But Milly took it even as she spoke, being overcome by a desire to keep near Ethel, and fill up her jealous eyes with that beautiful face.

"I am tired," she said—"tired to death. There is nothing to do here at Coryton but play croquet all day, or watch the rooks."

"But you are going soon, are you not?" said Ethel.

"Yes, in a fortnight. How glad I shall be!"

Milly blushed rose-red as she uttered this fib, her guilty heart telling her that the sorrow of quitting Coryton was lying heavy on it even now.

"How can you be glad to leave this lovely place?" asked Ethel. "I shall be so sorry when my father and I go away."

"She means she'll be sorry to quit Arthur," thought Milly, with a little indignant throb of the heart. "Oh, I don't care for places," she said, carelessly; "it is the people in them who make one sorry or glad to leave."

"So you will be glad to leave every one here?" And in saying this, Ethel smiled a little.

"Yes, very glad," replied Milly. "It is so tiresome to be always among relations. Don't you find it so sometimes?"

A faint color stole over Ethel's face, and she bent low over the book she held.

"I cannot tell you how I should find it," she said, "for I have no relations. I have only my father in the world."

"After all, she is too stupid and quiet for Arthur to like her," says Milly to herself. "She hasn't even sense to make the men see how beautiful she is."

This thought was so reassuring, that Milly began to be quite gracious.

"What book are you poring over so studiously?" she said.

This was merely said to change the theme; but Milly started when Ethel put the book in her hand, and a sudden color flashed over her neck and face.

"Why, these are Arthur's Roman photographs!" she cried. "How did they get here? He never lets them lie about."

"Your cousin was kind enough to lend them to me this morning," returned Ethel, quite simply. "He thought I should be interested in them—we visited so many of these scenes together."

"Together!" exclaimed Milly, and her consternation shone out upon her pale face.

"I met Lord Brimblecombe in Rome about

two years ago, when he spent a winter there," replied Ethel.

"I was not aware you were such a traveler," said Milly, with a tinge of scorn in her voice. "And there you knew Arthur," she continued. "You are old friends, I suppose?"

Pride, anger, jealousy, like a Fury's prong, quivered in her heart, as she tried to say this with polite indifference; and whether it was the tone, or the words themselves, she could not tell, but her question brought a brilliant color to Ethel's face, flushing up to her brow, and fading quickly into paleness.

"I scarcely know what you mean by 'old friends.' I only knew Lord Brimblecombe one winter," she replied; "and we never met again till a few days ago, when I came here."

The words fell on Milly's ear, scorching her cheeks into a flame. Closing the book, with a great sigh, she rose and walked away with a proud heart desolate.

The men are in the *salon* now, some vinous and sparkling, some dull and witless, and all secretly longing for slippers and smoke. Yet they set themselves bravely to do their duty, and talk manly, and simpler, and hold fluttering leaves of music, and join the feminine hum around them, as if these things were the joy of their masculine souls. But, in point of fact, only two men in the crowd are happy, and one of these is asleep, and the other is singing a sentimental ditty, which fills his own heart with rapturous melancholy and self-applause.

Ethel has stolen into an inner room, divided from the music and the chatter by an archway and a looped curtain; and Philip Dalton follows her to the remote window where she sits.

"Ethel!" he said.

The girl started violently, and turned her pure pale face toward him with a frightened look.

"Dreaming again," he said, in that cynical, bitter voice of his. "What have your dreams done yet except build up vain dreary castles in the air? Who have you brought to your feet today in your self-glorying fancies?"

"I have had no self-glorying-fancies, father," she said, with quivering lips; "if they were ever mine, you cured them long ago."

"I hope so," he answered, grimly. "The feminine imagination is never free from mischief. Which young man among this crowd are you making a god of?"

Ethel lifted her large violet eyes to his with a look of shrinking pain in them, which should have gone straight to his heart, but which only touched his head and awoke a little wonder.

"Neither," she said, quite steadily, and then her eyelids drooped, hiding tears.

Being perplexed, Philip Dalton grew more cynical and scornful.

"I am a fool to expect truth from a woman," he said, bitterly. "If you are speaking truly, why did I see you hanging on Lord Brimblecombe's arm?"

"How could I help it?" pleaded Ethel. "Surely, if you take me into society, you would not have me break through every conventional rule that exists, in order to insult a gentleman who shows me politeness."

"You have made a most shuffling, foolish speech, Ethel," returned Mr. Dalton. "Moreover, you began with that feminine stereotyped phrase which I utterly abhor—'How could I help it?' You could help it quite well. No creature on earth knows how to repel unwelcome attentions as your gushing, young, artless husband-hunters do."

His words crimsoned Ethel's cheeks with an indignant blush, but she answered patiently, "Believe me, I have done my utmost, father."

"Don't fib to me, girl!" cried the poor angry cynic, flushing in his turn. "Great heavens! Am I always to have a lie living and breathing before me? Am I never to put out of my mind the fact, that an incarnate falsehood is for ever in my sight?"

Ethel grew death-white as he spoke, and, wringing her hands together, she half rose and sank into her chair again, dizzy, blinded, bowing her shelterless head beneath the fiery rain of anguish rushing over her.

"Do you forget the gulf of shame which stands between you and an honorable man's love?" he continued, keeping his eyes away from the sweet, patient, pale face. "Do you forget who you are?"

"No, never!" she answered; "but when you taught me to call you father, you should have forgotten it. Forgive me for saying this; but your words are too hard at times."

The pathos of her faltering voice touched the man's heart for a moment.

"I say bitter things purposely, Ethel, to save you deeper pain," he replied. "You might have your idle dreams, and fall in love and out again—it would not hurt you. But for you desolation would be love's shadow, and the heart's ruin his footstep. At Rome, Ethel," he continued, "when I saw this young lordkin dangling after you, I told you the story of your mother's life, otherwise I would have spared you that history."

"It is better as it is," she answered, softly. "I am not grieved that I know the truth. I would suffer as my mother suffered if I could. Yes, I would bear it all if you would let me."

"That is a dream indeed," said Philip Dalton. "You would find the reality very bitter."

"Not so bitter as your words when you reproach me with the agony of my presence," she said, in a voice faint and low, quivering with that suppressed grief which rarely speaks. "It is cruel to call me an 'incarnate lie,' when it is not I who have lied; it is terrible to keep me with you and to rebuke me with those sins for which I suffer, being innocent."

She could not keep the tears from her eyes now, and they fell swiftly down her cheek as she sat shading it with her hand.

"Let me leave you," she said, in a trembling whisper, "since the sight of me pains you so deeply. Let me do my duty—let me go to them to whom I owe duty. Let me go!" she went on; and, dropping her hands, her streaming eyes looked right into his face, bathing it

deep in their fear and woe—"let me go, before it is too late!"

She scarcely knows what she is saying, or what she has said; but she feels as if she had revealed some great secret, or given to a sacred, invisible spirit a name and form from which it fled, veiled and shrinking; and so, shading her eyes again, a flame wakes up from her very heart, and covers her face with a mantle of maiden shame.

"You are mad, Ethel," returned Mr. Dalton, sternly. "You cannot link your fate with infamy. You owe your duty to me, and to none other. Let me hear no more of these high-flown, romantic notions. To 'go to them' would be ruin and shame unutterable! A girl like you cannot imagine 'the life to which you would have been condemned, had I left you with your mother."

"She would have loved me," answered Ethel.

"I doubt that," he said. "My experience of life tells me that the woman who breaks through one law will break another. I have no faith in such mothers. She parted with you carelessly enough; she caught gladly at my offer of love and guardianship for you. And now, child," he continued, more kindly, "let us reproach each other no more with the sorrows which others have made for us; let us endeavor, only, to create none for ourselves."

He is too proud to say he is grieved that his bitter words have grieved her, but Ethel feels he means this, and instantly reproaches herself for the passion with which she had spoken.

"He loved my mother so much," she said to herself. "I ought not to be angry that the sight of me sometimes makes him bitter. I will never cause you sorrow by any act of mine," she said, in a low voice. "And—I fear I have spoken too hastily to-night."

He does not take her hand, or kiss her, or utter a caressing word as her apology is uttered; but his face grows a shade paler, and an instant's silence falls down between them like a flower falls—softly, with thoughts of love, tenderness, pity, closed up in its perfumed petals. And when at length he speaks, the harshness of his tone is broken.

"Ethel," he said, "you asked me just now to let you leave this place."

He would not confess, even to himself, that her real cry was "Let me leave you!" so he strove to give another color to her words.

"And you added, 'Before it is too late,'" he continued, lifting his eyes an instant to regard her face. "Now, if you have any reason for this wish—if you feel there is any danger to your happiness in your being brought into companionship with this young lord, say so frankly, and I will take you away to-morrow."

If a momentary blush covers Ethel's face, it fades quickly, and there is not a falter in her voice as she answers him.

"Lord Brimblecombe is to me here exactly what he was at Rome—a friend, no more; and I could never wish him more, even were I as free to marry as those happy Hatherleigh girls."

"That is enough—I am glad of it," returned Mr. Dalton, shortly. "Come, let us return to the drawing-room."

As he steps out from the archway the stately Augusta Hatherleigh, whose form and face are beautiful as a painter's dream, looks up at him with reproach in her liquid eyes; then she turns away, and he passes on as if he had not seen her.

In the dramas played in society, whole scenes pass at times without a word; and yet in that silence a heart may be broken or a life wasted.

CHAPTER XVI.

IS THIS the ghost of Lina Hatherleigh—this white, wan shadow sitting by the window, wrapped in shawls, catching the fading sunshine on her thin hand as it shades her drooping face? She looks as if time had blighted, not aged her; for even in her weariest aspect there lingers a wistful relic of the old childlessness—the prettiness, the waywardness, which sat upon her gracefully in by-gone days. As she leans her elbow on the little table by her side, and her open sleeve falls back, her arm is still white and lovely, wasted though it may be, and the setting sun glinting on her shining hair, still sprinkles many a ray of gold among the soft browns and the silver lines that thread it here and there. Sitting in the sinking light—faded, drooping, weary—she is still, in very truth, a pretty woman; still, in very truth, a childish, unthinking woman, fond of gauds and jewels and dress, fond of amusement and admiration, coveting the world's applause, dreaming still of the triumph and the grandeur to come when she shall be mistress of Hatherleigh at last. How he lingers, that hard, tough old squire! how he lives on, and keeps her from the possessions for which she has paid so much!

"Mr. Byles," said a servant, opening the door. And Ephraim shuffled in—triumphant, smiling, hideous.

"All alone, ma'am, are you?" he said to Lina, offering her his yellow fingers with a familiar smirk.

"I am always alone," answered Lina, pettishly. "What is it you want now, Mr. Byles?"

"Oh, nothing! nothing! I am only come in to tell you the news," replied Ephraim, sniffing meekly, and rubbing his hands together with mysterious satisfaction.

"Pray, seat yourself, Mr. Byles," returned Lina, in her weariest voice. "You needn't die live your news standing, like the town-crier."

She can sneer a little still at Byles, this poor, weak, weary Lina, and he still winces at her biting tongue.

"I should be sorry to tell my news, like the town-crier, in public," he responded, with a most aggressive sniff; "it mightn't please everybody. Mr. Dalton is staying at the Castle," he continued snappishly.

"Is that your news?" asked Lina.

"That's some of it," sniffed her enemy.

"Well, you may ring that out in the market-

place, if you like, Mr. Byles; I don't think the public will be much affected by it."

And Lina, stooping carelessly, seized the little yelping spaniel, and enveloped his noisy head in her cashmere shawl.

"It isn't everybody's tongue that can be quieted as easy as a dog's, Mrs. Ralph, is it? Don't you wish it could be?"

At this question Lina looks up with a glance of weary disgust, and measures her enemy from head to foot. There she sits, alive and real, not a gossamer thread of her dreams about him—his thin lips closed, his narrow eyes blinking with their old cat-like stealth, and his yellow claws clasping his knees. Upon all her castles in the air this horrible figure, with cunning face and furtive step, has stolen, flinging all into ruin and dismay. A thousand thousand times in her visions she has slain him by countless deaths, but with hideous triumphant snifff he has sprung to life again, and sat before her, as he does now.

"Carlo, at all events, is not easily quieted. It is astonishing how he hates some animals—and people," concluded Lina, after a little wicked pause. "I wish, Mr. Byles, if you have anything disagreeable to say, you would be quick about it—this noise tires me."

"Oh, I dare say I am very tiresome," answered Ephraim, with his meekest sniff. "I always was, you know, even in the old days when you used to laugh at me, and listen to me—poor mean clerk though I was!"

Lina's pretty, wan, faded face flushes crimson at his words, and her contempt and anger and hatred fill her hollow eyes with a fierce fire. She has married a gentleman—emphatically a gentleman; and as she mentally contrasts the two men, she feels Byles's insolent pretense and lying boast insult him even more than they do herself; and she writhes with angry pain as she reflects that she cannot appeal to him, and ask him to avenge himself and her. This thought of her husband's truth and courage and honor comes to her often; and perhaps the worm gnawing at her heart never bites so cruelly as when this thought says: "You have deceived a brave, honest man—a man too simple and true even to suspect you; you have filled his soul with a great love which he should never have felt; and now, to deserve him would be a more dire deed than murder."

With a weary sigh and shiver Lina holds her anger down, as she does Carlo's, with both hands, and says, quietly, "We won't debate the fact of your being tiresome, Mr. Byles, either in the present or in the past. It is enough that I have to bear with you; so, go on—I am ready to listen."

"You need not listen if you don't like, Mrs. Ralph. I'd just as soon speak to the captain as you," returned Byles, insolently.

"What would you gain by that?" asked Lina, with white lips. "If you dared to utter a word against me to my husband or son they would avenge me terribly."

"Your son!" sneered Byles. "O dear!—your son, eh? Do you think I should care in the least what that young man said or did? I should soon silence him."

Sick with fear and impotent anger, Lina leaned back in her chair, nearly fainting.

"Speak out, Mr. Byles, and relieve me of your abhorred presence," she said, passionately,

"unless you wish me to die, and cheat you out of all you hope to gain through having me in your power."

"In my power!" repeated Ephraim, with his most odious sniff. "You have just hit the right phrase, Mrs. Ralph. I think you are as completely between my finger and thumb as I ever wished you might be when I used to dream in the old times of the revenge I should like to take on the girl who laughed at me, and disappointed all my projects. Now, look here," he continued, speaking through his nose, and elongating his dreadful hands upon his knees. "I don't want to be the death of you, Lina—excuse me, I used to say Lina, you know, in the old days. I want you to live to be the mistress of Hatherleigh, and show the people round here you don't care for their insolence. But do this you and me must be friends."

Lina looked up at him wearily, then closed her eyes again.

"Well," she said, "we are not enemies, I suppose; let me know your business, and in a few words as you can, for I am tired."

"So am I," said Ephraim; "I'm very tired. I've had to wait twenty years for revenge and success."

"Why tell me that?" asked Lina.

"Just to show you that, after waiting so long, I'm not likely to go without it," was the reply; and narrowing his eyes to a yellow line, the better to observe his victim's misery, Ephraim indulged himself with a smile and a loud snuff of triumph. "You know, Lina—Mrs. Ralph, I mean—I ought to have been partners with your father long ago, if you hadn't disappointed me. And when my friend, Mrs. Martha Grigson, came down to Coryton, and I sent her away to oblige you, I thought you would have managed that matter for me then."

"You had not served your articles," interrupted Lina, in a sharp, trembling tone. "You are always asking impossibilities of me."

"Yes, but that ain't the case now," sniffed Byles.

"I was articled then to your father, and made managing clerk, if you remember, Mrs. Ralph, and through you. And I'm sure you've found me as true and silent as a tombstone ever since. But when things get more difficult, why you see I want more."

"More difficult! What has happened now?"

Lina's listless hands drooped as she spoke, and her weary face took an aspect of despair.

"Well, the old squire is very ill, and it don't quite agree with my conscience to let 'un die without making his will—a just will, for certain."

"Say what it is you want," faltered Lina, hurriedly. "I am at your mercy."

"It would be horrible, too horrible, if old Mr. Hatherleigh knew the truth," she murmured to

herself. "It would kill my husband—it would kill my father; and as for me—oh, Heaven, I can't think of it!"

Her thin, white hands shook as they lay on her lap, and her eyes grew full of terror as she kept her strained gaze on the yellow face of her enemy.

"Speak—speak on!" she said, in passionate impatience.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

MRS. GEN. McCLELLAN is almost a hopeless invalid.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS's last words were: "Not long."

M. GUSTAVE DORE was at Epsom, viewing the Derby for artistic purposes.

MR. BRIGHT is arranging the speeches of Richard Cobden for publication.

LOUIS NAPOLON has finished the first volume of the "Life of Charlemagne."

JOHNNY CLEM, the drummer-boy of Chickamauga, is now a cadet at West Point.

The late Prince Demidoff employed 65,000 laborers in his Russian iron and copper mines.

The sculptor Preault and the painter Cambon have received the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

THE CANADIANS think the British Minister disgraced himself in acknowledging Grant's promptness.

EX-SENATOR GRIMES is rapidly recovering his health abroad, and will return to this country next fall.

RED BEAR, the Indian warrior, says he thinks the white squaws are very handsome, but they have too much war paint.

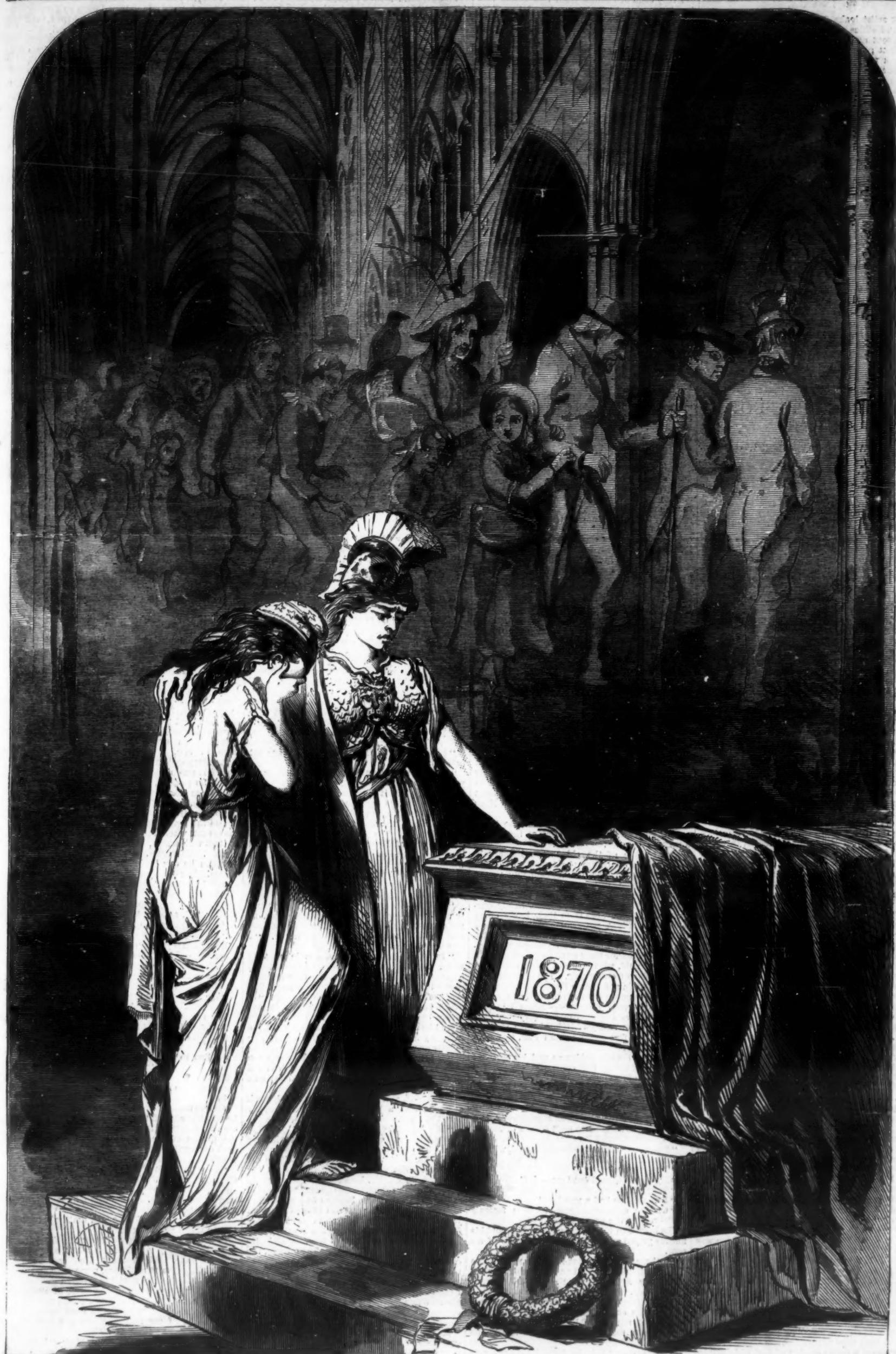
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THE AVANT-COURIERS OF THE COMING MAN.—CHINAMEN IN THE BOTTOMERS' ROOM IN SAMPSON'S FACTORY, AT NORTH ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS, BEING INSTRUCTED IN THE ART OF MAKING SHOES.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 261.



THE AVANT-COURIERS OF THE COMING MAN.—THE SLEEPING QUARTERS OF THE CHINESE WORKMEN, IN SAMPSON'S SHOE MANUFACTURE, AT NORTH ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS.—FROM A SKETCH
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 261.



IN MEMORIAM—CHARLES DICKENS.

"Now, he murmured, 'I am happy. He fell into a light slumber * * * * * filled with figures of men, women, and many children, all with light upon their faces * * * * * and so died.'—*Nicholas Nickleby*.

IN VAIN.

THE artist looks down at the canvas,
And stifles a heart-wearied sigh;
He sees not his beautiful picture,
That glows with the hues of the sky,
For a picture that cannot be painted
Burns into the artist's brain;
And he weeps as he sits at his easel,
And cries through his sorrow, "In vain."

The poet reads over his poem—
The thoughts of a heaven-born soul—
And sweet as the ripple of waters
The beautiful sentences roll:
But a poem that cannot be written
Burns into the poet's brain;
And he weeps in a passion of anguish,
And cries through his sorrow, "In vain."

The musician sits at the organ,
And the room echoes sweet melodies,
But his heart calls for sounds that are
better

Than the sounds that he draws from the
keys—
For a chord that has never been sounded,
A passionate, ecstatic strain—
And he weeps as he sits at the organ,
And cries through his sorrow, "In vain."

O artist, musician and poet!

Three souls that were lent to the earth,
To brighten with fingers of beauty

This bare, barren planet of death,
You dream of the splendors of heaven,

And vainly have striven to show,

To the gaze of the clay-fettered mortals,

The things that no mortal shall know.

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

PART II.—THE FRENCH COUNTESS.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE STREETS OF MOSCOW—GOLD, VELVET, RUBIES, PEARLS, SERGE, RED WOOL, AND SHEEP-SKIN—THIRSTING FOR BLOOD LIKE A TIGER-CAT—THE FREE LANCE—ANOTHER PROPHECY—A LITTLE SCANDAL—NEED MUST IF THE DEVIL WILLS.

THE gilded domes, and long needle-like minarets and spires of the old city of Moscow, were gleaming and flashing in the warm summer sunlight. It might have seemed that its gray and time-worn walls, with its narrow, closely unsavory streets and winding alleys, had, for this special occasion, cleansed themselves. Their constant stench and perennial filth appeared to be forgotten. They have put on their marriage garments for the ceremony. And why should they not have done so? Such a chance as this, for cleanly rejoicing, was but seldom offered them. Was it not the wedding-day between Elizabeth, the daughter of the great Peter and that young empire his hand had reared from its swaddling-clothes? The large bone and strong muscle were there. They were those of a Titan. When they have set and hardened, Russia will be a giant among the nations.

From the earliest dawn, long before the hour in which the red streaks of awakening day colored the far East—Moscow's broadest squares and most contracted lanes have been alive with the eager and bustling throng. The open space, lying round the exterior walls of the front of the Kremlin, had been packed with those whose glad cry of welcome will, some hours later, receive the new Tsarina when she issues from it on her way to the ancient Cathedral, in which the Patriarch is to anoint and crown her Empress of All the Russias. But for the guard on duty at the gates, its interior square, its numerous stairways, its private rooms, even the dressing-room and bed-chamber of their "mother" herself, would be thronged by her joyous "children."

Bells have been chiming out their congratulatory voice upon the clear and azure heaven, whose cloudless expanse has only been blotted with smoke from the discharge of cannon, which almost seemed to score the very minutes which were passing.

Here sweep a troop of mounted Cossacks through the huge square, with long lances, floating pennons, shout and barbarous cry ringing out wildly from their lips—there, passes a general, plumed and starred and laced with gold. He is followed by his *hetman* and his *cossacks*—escorted by a troop of cavalry, whose dark green uniforms, powdered and helmed heads, long boots, heavy saddles, stirrups and swinging sabres, have been purchased, bartered, cleaned or scoured up, expressly for the day. Next follows a *Boyard*, with a few score of plainly-clad and rudely-armed serfs. He himself is glittering in gold, scarlet, velvet and jewelry. The velvet scabbard of his Oriental scimitar is sown with seed-pears, and a ruby worth a princely estate is set in the pommel of its curved handle. He carries himself with all the rough pride of one, who feels he has the right of standing covered in the presence of Tsar or Tsarina. Few, if any, may be candidly owned, availed themselves of any such right while they stood under the eyes of Peter. Even when his name is now whispered, their pulses beat the faster as they hear it.

The dead Tsar had taught them, there was one will lardier and one arm heavier than their own, while he was living.

The serfs were staring about them, as they defiled behind their masters, through the quaint old city. Many of them trod in streets, faced with stone and plaster, for the first time. Their glances roved over blank wall, narrow doorway and rude earth, as though the first had been shaped from beaten gold, and the last paved with solid silver.

Scarcely a single section of that wide empire but had deputed some representative or representative to Moscow.

Every class of Scandinavian and Tartar costume, from that of Novgorod and Tarjoki to Mordovka or the scarcely-civilized Crimea, might be counted among its thronging thousands.

Women from every province of Russia were jostled and crowded together, by men of every nationality.

Here, the fair-haired girl—with her long tresses plaited together in a score of different lines, almost sweeping the ground with the ends of the gold filaments woven in them—stands next to the hugely fat woman in her full white dress, embroidered, fantastically, on back and front, with threads of scarlet wool. There, a massively heavy and triple necklace, of pierced and threaded silver coin, jingles upon the ear of all who are standing nigh the girl whose throat is circled by it, while the short red petticoat, with its scant lines, reveals the enormous calves and masculine ankles, cased in ribbed, blue woolen stockings of another.

Through these and their male companions, pass two men—the first of whom betrays small care for the comfort of those amongst whom he forces his path.

They were evidently foreigners of gentle blood, although it might have been fancied, upon such a day as this one is, their personal appearance might have demanded more care, either at their own hands or those of their attendants.

Both of them are, nevertheless, handsomely as well as fashionably dressed.

The soil and stain, possibly, of a rude night's debauch—Moscow was not behind the rest of the world, in the means it could afford for this—may have smirched and injured the freshness of their attire.

As the youngest of these—he, who has been more specially alluded to, could scarcely count more than thirty-five summers—jostles his way through the compact crowd, follows his companion, the small and sparkling eyes of a mass of Muscovite flesh, incased in the scant red petticoat and ribbed blue woolen stockings already mentioned, fall upon him. Turning her head abruptly round—her body was too largely proportioned wholly to revert itself, in that densely clustering throng of life—she speaks to the male who accompanies, or, it might more properly be said, is standing behind her. He is young and good-looking, but heavily and muscularly made. His trowsers and stockings do not shame those of his betrothed.

Her words are in their own dialect.

"Did your eyes see the nobleman's face—my little lambkin?"

"What of it, if they did—Vanina?"

"He is thirsting for blood, like a tiger-cat. His sight feels and his nostrils smell it—Carlowitz!"

"What matters it to us—my gray dove? Let him go."

So, the two men pushed on through the crowd—their sheathed rapiers being used as levers by them for the purpose of forcing a passage, amid curses and pitiful appeals to the saints, which rise on all sides—until at length they found themselves in front of the Dolgorouki palace.

These two individuals are the Count Henri de Chateaupers and the Baron Von Erthelm.

He is Hanoverian adventurer, rather than a courtier. In the Middle Ages he would have been a Free Lance. Now, he sold his sword and service to the highest bidder. As their purchaser—the Russian Court—did not at present need them, his natural taste for excitement had induced him to offer his services to Monsieur de Chateaupers.

As they passed the gateway into the inner court, they saw Sapichy standing at the foot of a private staircase.

The retinue of the old Prince Dolgorouki were drawn up before the lowest step of the principal one, which led immediately to the state apartments of the mansion. His carriage was at its foot. It was resplendent in its richly gilded carvings, which had been newly burnished, and renovated from their lately dingy condition. Eight powerful Flemish horses—these were splendidly trapped and decorated—were harnessed to it. Two young serfs—evidently selected for their good looks—dressed in white and gold, with long gilt staves, stood, one on each side of either pair. The prince's steward, a gigantic and native Russ—his height was considerably more than seven feet, and his attire was literally gorgeous—might be seen, bareheaded, at the door of the carriage. His horse, a huge and jet-black Flemish stallion, was held, a few paces behind him, by one of his master's grooms.

While the French nobleman and his companion were crossing the courtyard toward Sapichy, the old prince descended the staircase. He was leaning upon the arm of his personal attendant.

Although he was stepping feebly and with difficulty, his shriveled form straightened, and his gray eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire, as they caught sight of De Chateaupers.

"So—you are here!"—he exclaimed, with an audible chuckle.

"Yes—monsieur!"

"My words turned out true—eh?"

"They did."

"I was not so bad a prophet."

"On the contrary—prince! You foresee all!"—replied the young man.

His brow had blackened as he spoke, and his fingers gripped angrily at the laced collar of his coat.

"Let me tell you, what I foresee now." The old man lifted his right hand, and pointed with its skinny forefinger to Sapichy Dolgorouki. "You—two, will track the wolf-cub to his hole." Then, laughing loudly and shrilly, he added—"What you choose to do with it, is your own affair, not mine. If Russia should count one vermin the less—he! he! it will be no great matter."

After uttering this, he turned his keen eyes toward his steward, making a feeble movement with his hand, toward the carriage.

The gigantic menial opened its gilded door. After which he advanced to the place where the prince had been standing, and lifting that attenuated form in his athletic arms, as if it had merely been that of an infant, placed him within the vehicle.

His personal attendant followed him. It was a necessary precaution, considering the age and infirmity of his owner. While he did so, the giant mounted his horse. The advanced portion of the retinue passed through the gates of the courtyard, into the space without the palace, and as old Dolgorouki bent forward, with the polished obeisance of a great aristocrat, to the foreign nobleman, he shot a snake-like and savage glance toward his nephew.

When the carriage quitted the mansion, the presence of the prince, without it, was greeted by the crowd with a loud and ringing Russian cheer.

The rest of the retinue followed, and in a few moments Henri de Chateaupers and the Baron Von Erthelm were the only persons in the inferior court, with the exception of Sapichy Dolgorouki.

"You have as yet found nothing?" queried the latter, with a look of suppressed triumph.

His question was addressed to the German, whose slower comprehension failed to detect the meaning of the Russian's glance, which had been at once translated by his companion. The naturally shrewd sense of De Chateaupers was quickened by his keen anxiety, and the fury which was consuming him.

"We have not—Monsieur le Comte."

"And you—"

As the two replies rang out together, Sapichy met the Frenchman's gaze with his craftily fierce eyes.

"Know, where he now is."

The heart of the husband of Flodorowna gave a great bound, within him. It seemed to leap into his throat, as if it would choke him. This was only momentary, however, and with an angry cry, he said to Sapichy—

"Let us go."

"My friend"—replied the Russian—"hurry makes little speed, when the foot is not sure of its path."

"What is it that you say?"

"We have to find Madame de Chateaupers."

"Where Paul Dimitry is, we are sure to find her."

"Not so—my friend!"

"I do not understand you."

"This is the fourth day that he has been in Moscow. While here, he has not seen her. He has attempted no disguise, but has simply kept himself out of the way of curious eyes."

"What is that to me?"

"Nothing!"

"I will force him to give her up. You know that he is a coward. With cold steel before his eyes, he would deny the God which made him!"

"Perhaps so"—answered Sapichy in a low and measured tone, which struck Von Erthelm as more sinister and dangerously threatening than the blinder but bitterly savage accents of De Chateaupers. "But, remember where you are. *Chez* Paul must be proved to be linked with the disappearance of your lady, or—you dare not touch him. He knows that, and—"

"How?" cries the Frenchman. "I dare not touch him!"

"Look!"—says Sapichy, slowly. "Let us grant, you dare cut *chez* Paul's throat. He will not believe it, until it is done. He is a *Boyard*, now. He knows that the Mother of Russia—even"—these words were spoken with a subtle sneer—"dare not rob him of life for a little scandal."

The eyes of Henri de Chateaupers blazed like lightning, as Sapichy uttered the last words.

"And you call this, 'a little scandal'? Do I hear you rightly?"

"You certainly did."

"Tell me—then, where I can find your brother-in-law"—said the French nobleman, as the angry blood crimsoned his brow and cheek, and his voice rung out dryly and sharply. "I will hunt him down—by myself."

"In shaping these words, simple as they were, his whole form had seemed to widen and expand. The brave vigor of the man actually seemed lion-like. Sapichy's eyes gleamed, like those of a hungry panther, when he heard "*chez* Paul," called his "brother-in-law," in that coldly contemptuous manner. Had he possessed less self-command, his wrath must have betrayed itself, in his reply. After a pause, he quietly answered—

"It is for many years that I have known you—Monsieur Henri de Chateaupers. Man of the world as I am, my record with you, in my own heart, is clear of any falsehood."

He paused, and the Frenchman felt himself compelled, as a gentleman, to unequivocally admit the fact.

"It is—Sapichy!"

Nevertheless, the reply was neither willingly nor courteously shaven.

"Catharine Dolgorouki loves your wife as she might a blood-sister. For her sake, I left her on a bed of sickness, because I knew she would have me come to you." De Chateaupers started as he heard this. The Russian had not before mentioned it. "If I say, I will not tell you what you ask—it is for your sake and that of Madame de Chateaupers, also. When she is safe, it will be time enough to think of him. Wait! He will leave the city, this day. The crowds, the enthusiasm, the hurrying splendor, the ceremonial will—at any rate, he thinks so—serve him as a veil for his movements. Nicholas Orloff—I mean, the Moujik of Wolinski, Ivan—watches him. When he goes, we shall follow him, at once—the 'brother-in-law' whom, as you do, I—hate!"

All this had been calmly uttered. Scarcely one trace of his profound feeling had been allowed to exhibit itself, until the last word.

This had contained a whole volume of the courtier's subtle loathing for the man who had

inherited the power which had hitherto strengthened his own position. It had been so fiercely framed—so bitterly and malignantly shapen, that the French gentleman felt his doubt utterly dispelled.

Moreover, every phrase which had fallen from Sapichy's lips, carried the conviction with it, that the estimable Russian had simply spoken the truth.

And, truly—he had done so.

Possibly he may not have told the whole of it. Had he dived down into his own soul, he might have found other reasons.

These were darker ones, which no absolute necessity existed, for avowing. Surely, the exhibition of the ring of the Tsarina might have convinced Paul Dimitry, if his cowardice did not yield to the presence of the husband of the woman he claimed as his property, that it would be better for him to abandon his attempt. Here, however, inquiries might be made—too much publicity would become compulsory—a stigma might attach, if it so chanced that "*chez* Paul" was as a mere matter of expediency, totally dispensed with. A hundred—Nay! for aught he knew, two hundred versts from Moscow, with none present save his own serfs—the gentleman whose wife he had saved for him, and the German Free Lance, whose silence, he felt certain, must be a readily appreciable commodity, the affair was much easier. Pshaw! He could, of course, compel the silence of the first. That of the two last would be his—the one, for love—the other, for money.

De Chateaupers knew nothing of this.

Had it been told him, he would have, probably, refused to believe it. Not, perhaps—that he fanatically believed in the holiness of relationship by marriage, but because, he could scarcely credit the degree of duplicity which the Russian gentleman might be now showing.

Consequently, it was, frankly and freely, he extended his hand to the Count Dolgorouki, saying, as he did so—

"Sapichy! I was wrong."

It was to the full as freely, if not, altogether, so frankly, the Russian gentleman grasped his proffered hand.

After this, accompanying him to his chamber with Von Erthelm, Henri de Chateaupers heard all which he had yet discovered.

On the preceding night, after quitting the presence of the Tsarina, Sapichy had requested the French Count, once more, carefully to detail all which he had heard, respecting the disappearance of Flodorowna. After balancing each separate item of the account, minutely and scrupulously, he had asked where the ex-Moujik of Wolinski then was.

"In my apartments."

"Detained there?"

Then, Dolgorouki, as he was retiring to the bed from which some hours since Soumine had roused him, gave his attendant strict injunction to awaken him—"as soon as"—he paused for a short space and looked fixedly on the ex-Moujik—"Yes! as soon as Nicholas Orloff returns."

The serf felt the toils had gradually tightened round him. He knew that he must obey.

About half-past five, he re-entered the Dolgorouki Palace, and Sapichy was immediately aroused from the tranquil slumber which had for the last six hours blotted out all his care. But, it would be wrong to name it, so. The Russian was moving in his true element. Cunning and daring were required to accomplish the task, he had set himself. And should he do so—Plash! he had, since the Tsarina, Elizabeth, had given away, never doubted for a single instant, that he must succeed.

Ivan had not found the Servian. But, he had been, even, far luckier than Sapichy had hoped. He had seen Paul Dimitry leaving the *kabak*, and with the prompt wit of his race had immediately turned and followed him. After housing the son of the Boyard, he had returned to the tavern. The Servian had left it, since the preceding morning. Where to, or whither—he could not learn.

After drinking with the keeper of the *kabak*, and paying for two pints of corn-brandy, he had then retraced his steps to the man who had taken possession of him, so unscrupulously.

Sapichy had listened to every particular, that Ivan had recounted, with a greedy earnestness. Then, he thought for a few moments. Possibly, he regretted that he should have left Podatchky at Berenzoff—believing, as he, necessarily, then did, that there might be need for him, there, but none, here.

Summoning his attendant, he bade him accompany Nicholas Orloff.

"You will go, within a safe distance, whence you can watch the dwelling in which Paul Dimitry is lodged. When he starts, send Feraponte back. You will follow Paul. He must not see you."

As he gave these orders to the ex-Moujik of Wolinski, that individual looked troubled. He, nevertheless, replied—

"I obey—master!"

The son-in-law of the dead Boyard, at once, noted his apparent unwillingness.

"Hearken—Ivan!" he said. "If you prefer remaining, you can do so."

It was with a timid look that the runaway serf searched that coldly implacable and scornful countenance. Then, with a bowed head and compressed lip, as one who feels he has no choice but "doing as the devil wills," he replied—

"I go where my lord wills me."

"That is well."

By the orders of the Count Dolgorouki, his attendant had then horsed the luckless or unlucky Ivan—for the ex-Moujik was completely unable to determine his position on the rungs of Fortune's ladder—and himself.

The Russian nobleman was now awaiting the return of Feraponte.

Suddenly, the voices of a hundred cannon roll their thunder across the crowded tumult in the lanes and streets, lying between the Dolgorouki Palace and the Kremlin. Then, the roar of popular acclamation peals over the housetops—filling the arched heaven above the old city.

The new Tsarina is already upon her way to the Cathedral.

Almost at the same moment, the serf who had been officiating in Podatchky's place, as the personal attendant of Sapichy Dolgorouki, entered the apartment.

Before he had uttered a syllable, the three gentlemen knew that Paul Dimitry was, already, on the road.

CHAPTER XX.—SUMMER HEAT AND ANGRY MEMORY—L'HOMME PROPOSE, MAIS DIEU DISPOSE—DROPPING THE NEW NAME—STOPPING TO FEED—GAGGED AND BOUND—ACCEPTING THE INEVITABLE—EMPTYING A FILLED MOUTH—THE EXPERIMENT OF FIRE.

The morning upon which Flodorowina de Chateaupers has last been seen, has ripened into a hot and cloudless day. It is long past noon. The dry air has been warmed by the blazing sun into a heat which is swelteringly oppressive, and the parched and yellow sward steams under the arid breath of the furnace-like heaven.

It is a sweeping and undulating expanse of nearly barren country—watered, only, by a few broken rivulets, and studded, here and there, by a clump of spruce pine, scattered dwarf oak and hemlock, or a straggling and solitary Scotch fir. The swelling rise and fall of the ground impedes the view along the rough and lonely track, which you dark rider is following. It is Paul Dimitry. He is completely alone. The same largely-boned and vigorous steed, which had belonged to the dead Boyard, carries him. It had borne him to Berenzoff, to be present in the mansion, although, not in the chamber of his dying father.

What is he thinking of—now?

His evilly, unscrupulous will—so daring to plot and contrive, so rashly crafty in execution, yet so timidly craven to the baffling opposition it might meet with—seems now blind to every possibility, which may rise to thwart his present purpose. A shrewdly bitter smile curves his lip, and draws his bead-like black eyes into narrow lines. He, even, chuckles to himself, as the whip he carries strikes the horse he rides—nor, strikes it, mercifully. Something has come back to his memory. His ride to Potzec, with Ivan Dimitry, on the day, nine years since, when his now dead sire had chased him forth into the world, in response to his cry for "pardon!"

Does he not remember whose pitiful cry turned the point of the incensed Boyard's sword from his throat, when the old giant had

determined upon slaying him, where he knelt, thrust against the railing of the gallery in front of the tavern?

Not he! Why should he?

He only recalls his own selfish passion, his own mad desire—what he has before suffered when she was torn from his lust—the penury and suffering that mad frenzy had brought upon him, subsequently.

All of this is, now, past for ever.

Never shall he again suffer, in that bitter agony, nor, curse in his malevolence as he endures his unpeased desire.

He laughs—this time, aloud.

It rings out, like the laugh of a demon.

As he rides on, the glaring sun burns more intensely. He does not feel it. Those fiercely unhol thoughts lap his soul in a fire of their own—a fire which renders him unconscious of the external heat. But for the cowardice of his nature, he could have ridden through actual flame without knowing he did so, until his flesh had peeled from him, in blistering pain.

Yes! He had managed the business, well.

His sister Catharine was dying—as he verily believed—at Berenzoff. Sapichy Dolgorouki, his brother-in-law—may they both be assured—was watching beside her bed. Amid the splendor, excitement, and abounding grandeur of that day, in Moscow, who would have attended to the fiery reclamations and furious appeals of Henri de Chateaupers? To-morrow, they would have to hunt up the traces of those who had borne off his—ay! his serf. It would be long enough, ere they found them.

He had computed the chances, thoroughly, for himself, but had not reckoned those against him.

If he had reflected on the old French saying,—"L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose," he might have hesitated on counting his bullets, before they had emerged from the shell.

The length of a verst behind him, hidden, save occasionally, by the billowy variations of the parched ground, follows another horseman. He is out of Moscow, now—at work for those who, formerly, have known him. His new name may be definitely dropped here, and he need, no longer, be called Nicholas Orloff. It is the former Moujik or Wolinski—Ivan. The Tartar pony, on which he is mounted, covers the rough and broken earth, quickly, with its short, shambling and uneven stride. Beneath the broiling sun, the copious sweat pours in rivers from his face. At present, he is cursing his saint, for having thus broken up his comfort, and destroyed his faith in his security. Nevertheless, it is with true Muscovite patience and endurance, that he trots along, upon the visible trail.

Scarcely another mile in his rear, come two of Sapichy's serfs. They have the look of, and have been soldiers, having served with their master in the last Turkish campaign. Both of them are heavily armed.

Behind them, again, but at a somewhat greater distance, a party of some forty horsemen may be seen. At their head ride the husband of Flodorowina, Von Ertheim, and Dolgorouki. All of these are armed, also. Some twenty of them are the Russian's own serfs—the remainder belong to his uncle, the old Prince. They were ready to start, ten minutes after Feraponte returned to the Palace. Sapichy, it has already been mentioned, knew the Servian. He might be dangerous, if a less numerous interference with a paying occupation presented itself.

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Yet, no sooner do they come to a stream, than they ride along its course, for, perhaps, a hundred yards. Even Starbeam—for the French gentleman is mounted on the Arab stallion—whinnies with a glad delight as the fresh water splashes up, from his eager hoofs, on his hot and panting sides. His voice is instantly suppressed by his rider, although the little wind there is, blows from the object of their pursuit.

"It is useless"—says Sapichy, with a cynical smile. "C'est Paul's ears must be keen, if they can hear Starbeam, with nearly two versts between him and the stallion."

They still rode on.

Paul Dimitry has only tarried once. Then it was barely for twenty or thirty minutes. This was at a hut, half scooped out from the soil, built of stones and earth, and thatched with the coarse reed of the country.

A semi-outlaw from the half civilization of Russian life—such as a Western trapper, some fifty years since, may have been, for game was plenty—dwelt here. Unlike the Western trapper, he, however, took the small piece of money given him, greedily—as well as assisting, unasked, at the meal, and finishing the bottle of French brandy which Paul had removed from his saddle-bags. Possibly, the Servian had warned him of the stranger's advent, when he paused there, for a moment, in the morning. Otherwise, he might more distinctively have asserted his difference from the Western trapper, so hungry was the glare from his eyes, when he saw the purse in the hands of his guest.

No sooner had the brother-in-law of Sapichy dismounted, than Ivan concealed himself and his pony in the almost dried-up bed of a small winter stream, waiting there until he was joined by the two serfs. One of them immediately retraced his way, in order to warn his master.

A rapid order came back.

The serfs dismounted, advancing quickly up the bed of the rivulet—it was scarcely more than a deep ditch—as near the hut as they could, without betraying themselves. Then—throwing themselves flat upon its sloping bank, they wormed their way toward its rear, hid-

den, while they were doing so, by the shifting irregularities of the ground.

As Dimitry issued from the den—it might, with greater propriety have been called so—they were barely three paces behind it.

Until he again mounted, and was at a sufficient distance from his temporary tarrying-place to enable the men to execute Dolgorouki's orders, without the sound of any struggle reaching his ears, Ivan had remained, motionless as a statue. After this, he had remounted his Tartar pony, and emerging from the hollow, deliberately advanced.

The animal neighed shrilly when it again found itself on the open although broken land.

When he heard the sound, the temporary host of the Servian's employer turned his head.

His first impulse was to rush after and warn him. But as he bounded forward, Sapichy's serfs, who had risen, leaped upon the man's flying form. He rolled upon the earth, beneath them, under the sudden shock. Ere he realized his situation, he found himself gagged with a handful of sandy earth, which had been thrust between his forcibly unclosed teeth, and his hands bound firmly behind his back with the strip of untanned leather, which had hitherto done duty for one of them, as a bridle. All had passed so instantaneously, that his momentary surprise had prevented the utterance of a single cry, until he was completely incapacitated from finding a voice for it.

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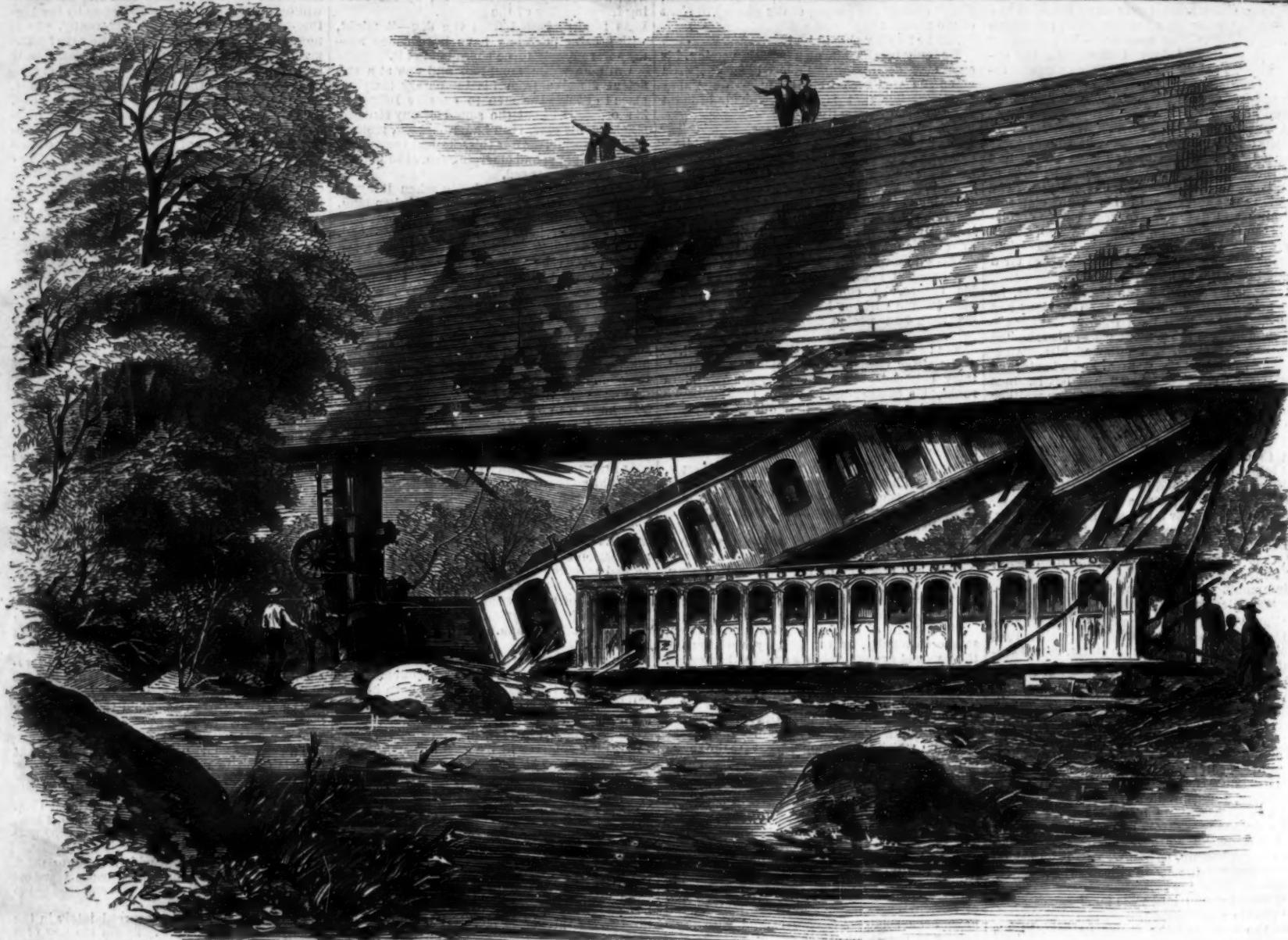
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MASSACHUSETTS.—VIEW OF THE RECENT DISASTER ON THE VERMONT AND MASSACHUSETTS RAILROAD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE W. MOORE, BOSTON.

RAILROAD DISASTER AT ATHOL, MASS.

The catastrophe which occurred on the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad, at Athol, Mass., June 16, adds another chapter to the sickening volume of railway accidents. The mail train which left Boston at 7:30 A. M., met with a delay at Fitchburg, Mass., and, in consequence, proceeded westward at a faster rate than usual. In passing over the bridge between Royalston and Athol, the train broke through, and fell, with a heavy crash of timber, into the river below. Considering the height of the bridge, and the general destruction of the cars, it is wonderful that many lives were not lost; as it was, three persons were killed and twenty wounded. The accident seems to have been caused by a mistake of the section-master in regard to the time of day.

AN OLD CEMETERY NEAR HAVANA, CUBA.

This engraving illustrates an old cemetery, first used for burial purposes toward the close of the sixteenth or the commencement of the seventeenth century. It now forms part of the new city of the dead, which, within a few years, has been prepared as the last resting-place of the defunct of the Habanese. To reach the cemetery, which is on the northwest side of the city, and within a few rods of the "sounding sea," the tourist engages a volante, and is taken by the avenue San Lazaro. A few minutes' ride brings him to the gate of the cemetery, where he is received by the custodian, and taken over the grounds. There is little to see. The walls are pierced with holes, in tiers, and sufficiently large to admit the coffins containing the deceased. These recesses are, interiorly, fitted with bars crossed, through which, in time, the decaying corpses fall to a pit beneath, where quicklime speedily consumes all that is mortal of the true Spaniard, or of his descendant, the Creole.

WOODSBURGH HOUSE, ROCKAWAY, L. I.

This engraving on the next page represents the magnificent new hotel at Woodsburgh,

the new watering-place at Rockaway, and known as the Woodsburgh House. Its dimensions are about one hundred and fifty-five feet wide by forty-five feet deep, with an extensive wing attached at the further end. Whether we look at the style of architecture of this building, or the beauty of its proportions, we have but one opinion to give, and that is, that it comes the nearest to completeness, in the way of a hotel at a watering-place, of any we have ever yet seen. Its ample and spacious piazzas, spanning the building on all sides to the second stories, give to the whole a look of comfort, at once inviting and delightful. The old as well as the young may here find enjoyment in the opportunities it affords either for quiet pomegranates or more stirring walks, and it is in just such places as this that after-meal reunions among guests give such a zest to the social circle, and form so pleasant a part of a summer sojourn.

Woodsburgh owes its name and its existence to Mr. Samuel Wood, a worthy representative of the old school; and it was to benefit his native Rockaway that all the extensive improvements to be found there were projected by him, and, through his indomitable will and perseverance, carried out to completion. Being familiar with the locality, he chose the present site upon which to erect his improvements, and, as he expresses it, to lay the foundation of a town that, he hopes, will grow and prosper through all time. A number of cottages are also erected at Woodsburgh on the line of Boulevard avenue, which is a commanding feature

of the place, and extends from the railroad depot to the bay. Other cottages are in course of erection, and many more will follow, and be put up as soon as it is possible to build them. The land secured by Mr. Wood may be said to be between four and five hundred acres, and when we come to look at the large outlay expended in building and laying out avenues, and beautifying them, and making other improvements, take it altogether, it may well be called a splendid estate.

There is no more exquisite view than can be had from the veranda of the hotel, and from any of the higher stories. Surrounded on all sides by beautiful objects of interest, the grave as well as the gay may find constant food for reflection. The eye can follow the distant sail as it passes by and recedes in the distance; it can wander over the broad expanse of waters, and contemplate the grandeur of that old ocean whose birth dates with the beginning of time. Smiling fields greet the eye, too. Churches, farm-houses and schools are to be seen all around—an earnest of an industrious, happy, God-fearing people. Wherever the eye turns, some new feature in the landscape opens to the sight; distance only heightens the charm, and mellowes its fading beauties.

It is not too much to say that no spot could have been chosen that could combine so many advantages for health, scenery and prospect as Woodsburgh; high, overlooking the country for many miles around, and with the Atlantic Ocean at her feet, there she sits in stately dignity, like a queen seated on an emerald throne.

No fairer earth or brighter skies can be found anywhere than are to be found at Woodsburgh. The gentleman of leisure and the toiling business man may come here and find health and recreation. Away from the noise and bustle of city life, who would not wish to retire at times to just such a place as this, where a man's better nature may find free scope for his inspirations, and commune with his God.

The interior arrangements of the Woodsburgh House are perfect, and, for families, cannot be surpassed—every convenience and comfort that could be desired may be found there. Gas, hot and cold-water bathing, to say nothing of the still salt-water bathing, gotten up expressly for the use of the guests. Woodsburgh is some sixteen miles from New York, and is reached by the Southside Railroad to Valley Stream, thence by the Rockaway Branch Railroad. A change of cars is not always necessary at Valley Stream, as some of the trains go direct to Woodsburgh Station. The ferryboat that starts from the foot of Roosevelt street carries passengers to the foot of South Eighth street, Williamsburgh, where the Southside Railroad cars leave, making the mode of transit of passengers easy and expeditious.

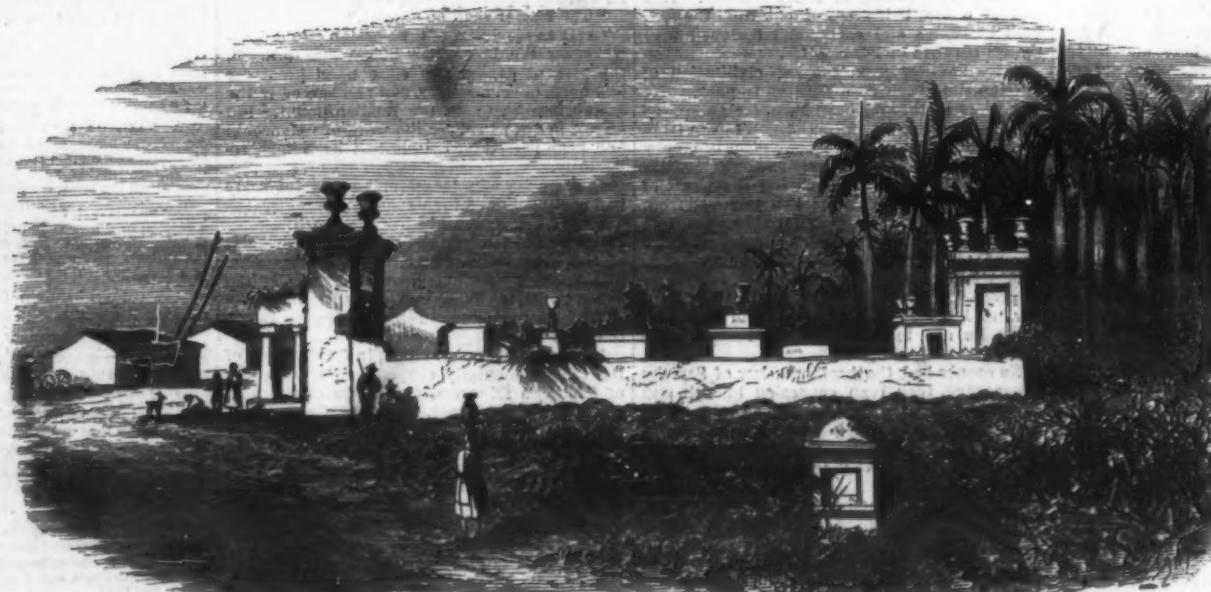
CAPTAIN LAHRBUSH.

WHILE the "personal guard," the "body-servant," and the "nurse" of General Washington are being daily discovered in all parts of the country, it is with a feeling of true reverence that we take by the hand a person who has actually passed ten decades of life, and who makes no pretensions to marvelous deeds and services.

In the comparatively hale person of Captain Lahrbush, now living in New York city, we find a worthy relic of old, romantic, and stirring days.

He was born in London, March 9th, 1766, and is, consequently, now in the one hundred and fifth year of his age.

He entered the British army on the 17th of October, 1789; served in the 60th Rifles under the Duke of York in the Low Countries in 1793; was present on the 8th of September, 1798, when the French general, Humbert, surrendered



CUBA.—AN OLD SPANISH CEMETERY, NEAR HAVANA.



OUR SUMMER RESORTS.—THE WOODSBURGH HOUSE, AT ROCKAWAY, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

to Lord Cornwallis at Ballinamuck, in Ireland; was with Nelson, in 1801, at the capture of Copenhagen; witnessed the famous interview between Napoleon and Alexander, which led to the peace of Tilsit, in 1807; fought under the Duke of Wellington in the Spanish Peninsula in 1808-10, displaying such gallantry against Massena at Busaco as to secure a promotion; was stationed at the Cape of Good Hope in 1811, and distinguished himself in the first Caffre war; and in 1816-17 was an officer of the guard that had the custody of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena. After a service of twenty-nine years he sold out his captain's commission in the 60th Rifles, in 1818, and subsequently went to Australia as superintendent of the convict station at Bathurst; in 1837 he removed to Tahiti, from which island he was forcibly expelled by the French in 1842, in consequence of having taken warmly the side of the Protestant missionaries in a controversy with Papal propagandists. For several years he traveled extensively on the Continent. In 1847 he went to take charge of Lord Howard de Walden's estates in Jamaica, but, disgusted with the disorganization of labor that followed the liberation of the slaves, he came, in the following year, at the age of eighty-two, to New York, where he has ever since had his abode. He brought with him to New York his widowed daughter and grandson, both of whom soon died, and for nearly twenty years the poor, childless old gentleman has lived quite alone, in the enjoyment, however, of wonderful health, in the full possession of all his faculties and the vigorous use of his limbs.

Captain Lahrbush is a good churchman, and regularly attends morning services on fine Sundays at the Church of the Ascension in the Fifth avenue. An arm-chair is placed for the old captain in the middle aisle, just in front of the chancel rail, which he occupies by courtesy of the churchwardens. He goes through the forms of kneeling and standing with something of military precision, and his voice, piped in a high treble, may be heard in the responses above the rest of the congregation.

It is his custom to retire at eight o'clock in the evening, and to rise with the dawn. His appearance is that of hale old age, as if he might live many years, and he is as particular in his purchases to buy articles that will last as if he was but five-and-twenty.

Every year his birthday is commemorated with a grand dinner, at which lawyers, authors, military and naval men are accustomed to assist.

Although the venerable captain keeps himself rather secluded at his rooms, he seems to be gaining many stanch friends every year of his existence. He is a good conversationalist, and appreciates very highly all attentions paid him. He is cheerful, has a quite active memory, and bias fair to live many years.

In March last, General J. Watts de Peyster gave Captain Lahrbush the annual dinner, which was attended by the most influential men of the city.

SUCCESS OF A COLLEGE FOR WORKINGWOMEN.—The Workingwomen's College, in England, is now in its fifth year, and has greatly prospered. It has a good library and coffee-room. Its classes are taught gratuitously by a council of teachers, mostly ladies.

A GLANCE AT THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

A RUSTIC, on whom, for the first time, dawns the pillared splendor of the Capitol Building, about which critics tear their hair—speaking in metaphor, since, most of these critics being feminine, it would be an exceedingly expensive thing to do practically—but which building is quite beautiful enough for him, with the shining whiteness and long retreating lines of its colonnades and architraves, with its soaring dome a cloud of light far over his head, with its sentinel of Armed Liberty forever on guard high above all the people—our rustic, entering this great place—full of memories, full of sur-

prises—is presently entangled in a labyrinthine way of stuccos and statues, marbles, frescoes, cupids, cherubs, gliding, pilasters, and encaustic tiles, and has been set right by a dozen lackeys dozen times before he learns correctly the way that takes him through the mighty rotunda, under whose far-reaching heaven, for all its pictured sunset clouds of gaudy harem-scenes atop, and sprawling histories around, his heart beats quick with pride and pleasure; the way which leads him at last—lobbies crossed and stair-cases surmounted, and Leutze's giant pic-nic party safely encountered and left behind—into the galleries of the House of Representatives. He finds then that the place of his imaginations and ambitions, the great forum of the nation's intellect and power,

is an enormous oblong room, lighted from above through a ceiling of ground and painted glass, set in deep caissons, and of so extraordinarily heavy appearance that the bald heads beneath seem to be in perpetual danger of being crushed by its instant fall; a ceiling everywhere encrusted with the gilding which, on bosses and nodes and drops and lattices, has apparently leaked through the roof, and is to be seen depending, in enormous yellow stalactites, above the uppermost benches. The room beneath is lined with empty panels, painted to represent satin damask; one or two portraits decorate the Speaker's background; the doors are of deep blue, the carpet of green and gold; the desks, of an ugly yellow wood, elaborately carved, lend a Chinese character to the picture; and the white marble rostrum, of Speaker and Cleeks, complete the horrid incongruity, so far as color goes, of all the scene.

The air which our rustic now begins to breathe, while taking this survey of his own and the national property, is something too dense and dreadful to be found outside of a coal-pit or the Black Hole; before he has been there an hour, his head aches badly with it, his eyes are heavy and clogged with it, he sees it lying thickly, like a cloud of dust, at the other end across the great chamber, and hears that even members of the House die every year of the effects of the terrible want of ventilation, the whole body of victims being too far overcome by the subtle enemy's engines of asphyxia to find energy and courage enough to put him out of their way, and he no longer wonders at the dark and acrimonious taunts and dissensions that fly from mouth to mouth of the mental wrestlers down there beneath him, for people who breathe such black and bitter air must needs give it back only in black and bitter words.

A new astonishment, and a greater one than any other of all that he has been called upon to meet since he came in under the dark basement arches, here greets the rustic, as, looking down into that vast dusty arena, he sees in what style the nation is governed by these men, whose names and whose shadows he has reverenced, while they loomed in the mists of remoteness, as large as dem gods.

Every style of man he sees, from ape to angel; the heavy and the light, the cunning and the bold, the long equine face, the rodent with thin jaws and shining teeth; here is the sharp vulpine; there, the snarling canine; here are men that may once have been kingly lions in their native lairs; and there are those one dares not call cats, for fear of their claws. What a pandemonium it is! The clapping hands, the flying pages, the gossipers in the aisles, the laughers in the lobbies, the quarreling debaters demolishing the roaring speech-maker, the snores of the tired law-makers stretched upon the side lounges, the patter of the perpetual fusillade upon the countless spittoons, the members bustling in from the committee-rooms, the members bustling out, the gymnastic members balancing themselves with a hand on opposite desks and their feet swinging to and fro in the air, the members rambling arm-in-arm deep in bosom confidences, the members smoking in the doorways with their hats on, the members contemplating the manufacture of their boots elevated on their desks before them, the members rattling newspapers, the busy members whose pens scratch



CAPTAIN LAHRBUSH, THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. D. FREDERICK & CO.

on unobstructed by all the riot, the boys delivering parcels, the autograph-boys seeking whom they may devour, the conversations in the corners, the gavel of the Speaker hammering over all the din and disorder like the gavel of the auctioneer when Rome put up her people to the highest bidder—it all seems to our poor confounded rustic, after that first swift, horror-struck glance of his, like a revelation of Bedlam, and he believes that his laws are made by a parcel of schoolboys enjoying one perpetual recess, and he swears, in his haste, that these men are like the pirates he has read about, carousing and reveling while the ship goes down.

But, as he sits there, and the nebulous confusion of the scene resolves itself more and more plainly before his eyes, he sees his error, and learns finally that business is absolutely being done in the midst of all this discord, and he decides anew concerning the actors on that stage, that they must be great men who can do it. He learns that the tarnished stars of old States are being refurbished up to their original brightness, and restored to the galaxy of the national heaven; that immense sums of money are being drawn through all the great veins of the country into the national treasury, and appropriated for the lubricating of the wheels of government; that land enough to constitute the surface of small planets is being generously granted in subsidy to vast railroad corporations; that bills are being brought in, resolutions are flying about, and objections being taken; that this fine play which is going on at one moment, like an old game of childhood's years,

"Open your gates as high as the sky,
And let King George and his train pass by."

is a division of the House on some important vote, and that this sudden and complete abandonment of everything below to the Lord of Misrule himself, is a call of the ayes and noes, and that half of the dust and the commotion which gave him so much disturbance is occasioned by the very whirl and whirr of the work.

And the workers? After all, there can be no drones down there, for every member's district has numberless towns full of numberless petitioners, letter-writers, beggars, interests demanding peculiar legislation, politicians demanding their reward, office-seekers their offices, and swarming with a myriad of voters who each and all believe that they own their members of Congress, body and soul.

First of all, now that his brain and his eyesight have become more clear, our rustic takes note of the Speaker of the House, a man of powerful frame and bland face, quick as the lightning in his points and rulings, but wanting the deep and resonant music of voice with which Mr. Banks used to fill the air when declaring his peerless parliamentary decisions. It is a fine station and cogn of vantage for a politician, the mastership of men behind that marble desk, and the surveyor of its opportunities comes to the conclusion that it is really a petty Presidency, a place enough in itself to content a man, as he sits there with his hand on the heart of the people, acquainted with its pulse, declaring its will.

Perhaps the speechmaker of the occasion on which our rustic gathers his first experience of public life is Mr. Bingham, of whom Ohio is so proud: our rustic has never been able to read his speeches without laughing at their absurd climax and anti-climax, and trite vacuity, but he finds that they are quite a different thing to listen to, and understands, at last, what is meant when their producer is called the "silver tongued orator of the West"—for, in fact, this oratory is simply a thing to be heard, not by any means a thing either to be read or even seen, as the speechmaker writhes and twists and bangs and springs about in such a way that our rustic is fain to shut his eyes and only listen to the tones.

Perhaps the one who interrupts the speech with some simple and annihilating question, is Logan, of Illinois—a voice as quiet now as a summer breeze, but it has been known to fill a prairie, or something less—a dark and dashing man he is, who looks as if he were made of fire; he is characterized with a certain boyish-charm of manner in the midst of all his energy and resolution, and owes half his power to the fact, that he is believed to be incorruptible.

Not very far away from Mr. Bingham, who, though his desk is on the Democratic side, belongs to the Mountain, is Mr. Fitch, of Nevada—a dark and thick-set man, with shaggy hair, who, with a voice of persuasion and fast-flowing words of conviction, is one of the very few of Nature's orators in the House, and whom, whether agreeing with the burden of his sentences or not, it is always a great pleasure to hear—so few there are who talk, who have any thing at all to say, or who know, in the least, how to say it when they have.

And not very far away from the Nevada member sits the Montana delegate, Mr. Cavanaugh—the brave and generous, the very Bedouin of delegates, a Massachusetts boy, but the representative of half a dozen Western Territories, in succession, as fast as he has brought one within the pale of civilization, flying to fetch another—doubtless, yet to be met hailing from Alaska and the Sandwich Islands, if we do not even find him, with a pigtail, accredited to Yokohama; but of one thing we may be certain, that we shall always find him doing what he esteems to be his duty, eloquently, ably, and fearlessly.

On the same side of the House as that to which his gaze has lately been directed, our rustic's attention is presently attracted by Fernando Wood's appearance—the white mustache, the single-breasted coat, the martial manner, dividing the beholder's mind in such wise, that he is at a loss whether to classify the subject of his inspection with the military or the clerical, but finds something, in the whole air, decidedly indicative of the original and daring spirit of the man who conceived the idea of taking New York city out of the Union, and converting her into a free port, which, had it been done, would have made it necessary for her to tunnel and

honeycomb the little Island of Manhattan with treasure vaults.

From this neighborhood the eye passes naturally to Mr. Voorhees, the most finished and fiery of the speakers in the opposition, never forgetting in the heat of argument that he is a gentleman, as well as a debater. Not very remotely placed is Mr. Johnson, of California, who—in the spirit of the true Californian humor, which, as Brett Harte and Mark Twain have shown us, grasps the wit of things after quite as large and broad a fashion as it grasps the material interests of the country—lately urged upon the attention of the House, as among the Western towns desiring the re-location of the National Capital, the claims of his own State in selection of the site of Red Dog, or Yuba Dam, or Dead Man's Gulch, impartially.

Mr. Bingham's speech, in a fit succession of "cadences and dying falls," has come to an end at length, while our friend has been looking around him; and Judge Noah Davis, of New York, is replying to him—a tall and stately person, with nobly classical head and face, from whose mouth the ponderous logic pours in a satisfying statement that always commands assent throughout the hitherto noisy hall.

After him follows Mr. Payne, of Wisconsin, a slender person of cadaverous face, his head covered with a shock of curling black hair; he moves about with far too much dignity and ease for you ever to suspect his loss of limb, unless you remember the time when he lay-wounded—one leg shot off at the knee, for twenty-four hours—lay between the fire of two hostile armies, riddled with bullets, underneath a blazing sun, without a drop of water, every one being destroyed who attempted to carry a canteen to the wounded general-officer for whose possession the field was still contested. Him, Mr. Hoar, of patrician appearance, aids with suggestion of a cogent bit of law, and General Schenck—to be known by a very singular resemblance in face and figure to General Grant—mentions briefly, and to the purpose, some clinching fact.

The pale, thin, and somewhat methodical or dyspeptic-looking gentleman who, from the back part of the room, here enters the discussion, with a ringing and resonant voice, is Judge Kelley; without metaphor, his voice certainly adds a weight to the iron of Pennsylvania, and a weight to her ore, as he eloquently pleads, perhaps, that his impoverished constituency may be allowed to continue to make the rest of the country pay them a dollar for the coals and metals that can be bought elsewhere with ten cents.

Suddenly, at this point, our rustic sees the galleries around him begin to rustle with expectation and settle into attention; the lovely ladies on the diplomatic benches are leveling their impudent opera-glasses, the dusky faces on the eastern side are bending over, all alert and eager with interest—to hear the words of the person who solved the problem of their race among us, by idea and action as bold as it was original, and, following the general direction of gaze, he sees the massive head and magnificent profile of General Butler—the greatest man, take him for all in all, that the war has developed; great without a rival in civil administration, and equally great in many instances of a military career abounding in Napoleonic strokes and qualities; a man who, through the blackest slanders, has maintained, with unfaltering consistency, his devotion to the lost idea of the nation's unity, from the moment when other chiefs panted then for peace and compromise—he, a Democrat, urged upon a weak President the instant arrest and trial and execution for treason of the South Carolina Commissioners—to the present one, when, growing as circumstances grew, casting off the things which were behind, and, as the hour became gigantic, becoming fit to handle it—he stands, not by change, but by development, the real leader and exponent of the policy of the opposite party. From the moment that General Butler enters the discussion, it is noticeable that it bristles into excitement and battle; and one could hardly wish for an hour of racier enjoyment than is afforded by the debate where he desires to gain a point over able but envious opponents, who never attack him single-handed, and to meet whom, their shafts flying from every side, he brings out his subtlety of argument, his readiness, his infinite resource, his wit and repartee and skill—till he winds them in their own toils.

If the subject of the rhetorical skirmish, which our rustic has been enjoying at his safe distance, has any connection with the tariff enactments, he has been pretty sure to hear a few brief and powerful remarks from Mr. Allison, of Iowa, a man who has the courage to think for himself independently, and who, in the face of protective powers, dares to disbelieve in the virtue of special legislation for the protection of special interests, to the enrichment of the chosen few and the degradation and detriment of all other people—to believe in equal burdens, and so much of free trade at least as shall not suffer to be created an order of moneyed aristocracy, nor poverty to be for ever trodden into the mire.

The debate over, Mr. Dawes, a thin, and intellectually-looking gentleman, with a fair and pleasant face, and rather ministerial manner, begs for an evening session, on account of the Appropriation Bill, in a velvety way that betokens his knowledge of the fact that he deals with an obnoxious subject, for the House hates to be bored with details, and as soon as so many thousand dollars begin to be appropriated to Squantum Light, and so many to Malamake Harbor, it continually takes to its heels and leaves him only a handful of virtuous men troubled with consciences, who, having undertaken a trust, think it necessary to fulfill it, but who, alone in all their glory, must call upon others for a quorum. They are very vain of their distinction though, this handful of the virtuous, and the way they wear their consciences on the sleeve is a delight to our rustic, who leaves his

country safe in their hands, and treasuring up the words of wisdom which he has heard across the gallery, passes down the splendid stairways, thinking to himself how he will presently report in Squantum town-meeting his interviews with the great men at the capital, and assure his fellow-citizens that their national destiny reposés in strong and competent hands.

HOT SUMMERS.

From the records kept at Nuremberg, in Bavaria, we get the following interesting facts:

In 1132 the earth cracked by reason of the heat, the wells and streams in Alsace all dried up, and the bed of the river Rhine was dry. In 1152 the heat was so great, that sand exposed to the sun's rays was hot enough to cook eggs. In 1160, great numbers of soldiers in the campaign against Balaïd from the heat. In 1176 and 1177, crops of hay and oats failed completely. In 1183 and 1184, a man could have crossed, dry-shod, over the rivers Seine, Loire, Rhine and Danube. In 1183 and 1184, a multitude of animals perished by the heat, which was so great that the harvest dried up. In 1140 the heat was extraordinary. In 1158, 1159, 1160, and 1161, all the rivers were nearly dried up. In 1156 there was a great drought, which extended over nearly the whole of Europe. In 1165 and 1166, there was, in Italy, France, and the Netherlands, an overpowering heat. In 1144 there were fifty-eight consecutive days of extreme heat. 1173 was very hot, as were also the first three years of the eighteenth century. In 1718, it did not rain a single time from April until October! The growing grain was burnt, the rivers dried up, the theatres (but wherefore is not stated) were closed by command of the police. The thermometer showed 35° Réaumur—equivalent to 113° Fahrenheit. In irrigated gardens the fruit trees bloomed twice. In 1723 and 1724, there was great heat. The summer of 1746 was hot and dry, the growing grain being calcined. It did not rain for months. 1745, 1754, 1760, 1767, 1778, and 1788 were years in which the summers were extremely hot. In the famous comet year—1811—the summer was warm, and the winter produced that season was very precious. In 1818, the theatres had to be closed on account of the heat, the highest temperature being 35° Réaumur, or 112° Fahrenheit. During the three days of the revolution of July, in 1830, the thermometer stood at 36° Centigrade—about 97° Fahrenheit. In 1832, during the uprising of the 5th and 6th of July, the temperature was about the same.

GAMBLING IN A LAW-COURT.—At the trial of a gambling case in a Pittsburgh court, it was found necessary to demonstrate the game of faro to the jury. The "lay-out" was placed before the witness, and a game opened up, the witness dealing, and the District-Attorney doing the betting. "Split" being in favor of the bank, the game looked best for the witness, but the District-Attorney bet his "bottom-dollar" on the knave and broke the bank.

A NEW CHINESE GOD.—Ward, the American who rendered such service to the Chinese Emperor, has been deified. The emperor, in a recent edict, has placed him among the major gods of China, commanding shrines to be built and worship to be paid to the memory of this American. The people are worshiping him along with the most ancient and powerful deities of their religion, as a great deliverer from war and famine—as a powerful god in the form of a man. He will be thus commemorated.

MARRIAGE.—Leigh Hunt concludes an essay on marriage as follows: "There is no one thing more lovely in this life, more full of the divine courage, than when a young maiden, from her past life, from her happy childhood, when she rambled over every field and moor around her home; when a mother anticipated her wants and soothed her little cares, when her brothers and sisters grew from merry playmates to loving, trustful friends; from Christmas gatherings and romps, the summer festivals in bower or garden; from the rooms sanctified by the death of relatives; from the secure backgrounds of her childhood, and girlhood, and maidhood, looks out into the dark and unlit future away from all that, and yet untried, undaunted, leans her fair cheek upon her lover's breast, and whispers, 'Dear heart! I cannot see, but I believe. The past was beautiful, but the future I can trust—with thee!'"

ONE OF THE STRONG-MINDED.—Montana has a citizen named Miss Given Evans, who, as may readily be inferred from her name, is by birth a Weish-woman. About a month ago, she entered the United States District Court in Montana, and asked to have a naturalization certificate made out for her. The puzzled functionary settled his spectacles on his nose, examined the applicant with surprise, and then plunged into United States statutes, in which he found no legal reason why a woman should not be naturalized, and so Miss Evans received her papers, with which she boldly went to the Land Office of the Territory. There she asked a clerk to make out her declaratory statement to pre-empt one hundred and sixty acres of public land. The gentleman, like the other, was somewhat astonished by her request, but, examining authorities, he found no reason to repel the applicant, and her certificate was duly filed as No. 1,000. The energetic lady then went to work on her newly acquired land, and built a house, and set about to improve her farm, fencing it, and otherwise showing that, having it, she intended to keep it. She now has a cow, a yoke of oxen, and all the usual farming tools generally used by pioneers. Her land is in Deer Lodge Valley, and some day the Northern Pacific Railroad will run close to it, making it quite a little fortune.

THE GUINEA OF GREAT BRITAIN.—A London journal says it is not among the things generally known that the guinea obtained its name from the gold from which it was made having been brought from the Guinea coast by the African company of traders. The first notice of this gold was in 1648, during the Commonwealth of England, when, on the 14th of April of that year, the Parliament referred to the Council of State a paper presented to the House, concerning the coinage of gold brought in a ship lately from "Guiny," for the better advancing of trade. But it was in the reign of Charles II. that the name was first given to this coin. It is among things not generally known that when the guinea was originally coined, the intention was to make it current as a twenty-shilling piece; but from an error, or rather from a series of errors, in calculating the exact proportions of the value of gold and silver, it never circulated for that value. Sir Isaac Newton, in his time, fixed the true value of the guinea, in relation to silver, at 20s. 6d., and by his advice the Crown proclaimed that, for the future, it should be current at 21s. A curious question arises out of the fact alluded to—how many millions of money has the public lost by the payment of a guinea; when a twenty-shilling piece would have sufficed had the costly error never have been fallen into?

THE DOG.—An admirer of the canine race thus somewhat enthusiastically speaks to the merits of "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart": The dog possesses, incontestably, all the qualities of a sensible man; and, I grieve to say, man has not, in general, the noble qualities of a dog. We make a virtue of gratitude, which is only a duty. This virtue, this duty, are inherent in the dog. We brand ingratitude, and yet all men are ungrateful. It is a vice which commences in the cradle, and grows with our growth, and, together with selfishness, becomes almost always the grand mover of human actions. The dog knows not the virtue; that which we dignify by this title, and admire as a rare thing—and very rare it is, in truth—constitutes his normal state. Where will you find a man always grateful, always affectionate, never self-

ish, pushing the abnegation of self to the utmost limits of possibility; without gain, devoted even to death; without ambition, rendering service; in short, forgetful of injuries, and mindful only of benefits received? Seek him not—it would be a useless task; but take the first dog you meet, and from the moment he adopts you as his master, you will find in him all these qualities. He will love you without calculation entering into his affections. His greatest happiness will be to be near you; and should you be reduced to beg your bread, not only will he aid you in this difficult trade, but he would not abandon you to follow even a king into his palace. Your friends will quit you in misfortune—your wife, perhaps, will forget her plighted troth; but your dog will remain always near you; or, if you depart before him on the great voyage, he will accompany you to your last abode.

WHAT IS WANTED AT THIS TIME.—A leading want at this season among gentlemen—whether they remain in the hot, dusty city, wander on the seashore or in the shaded lanes of the quiet, smiling country, alike forgetting and forgotten by the busy world—is elegant, well-made and economical garments. Are such really to be had in New York? So much has been promised that few are disposed to place any credence in mere advertisements; but we think there is one house, at least, where the purchaser will be satisfied with not only the style, but the quality and price of the goods. We refer to FRAZER & BURB's, at 138 and 140 Fulton street. Call there and you will not be disappointed.

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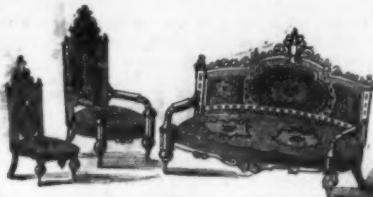
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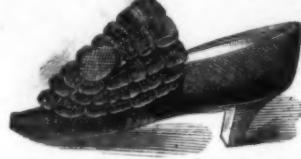
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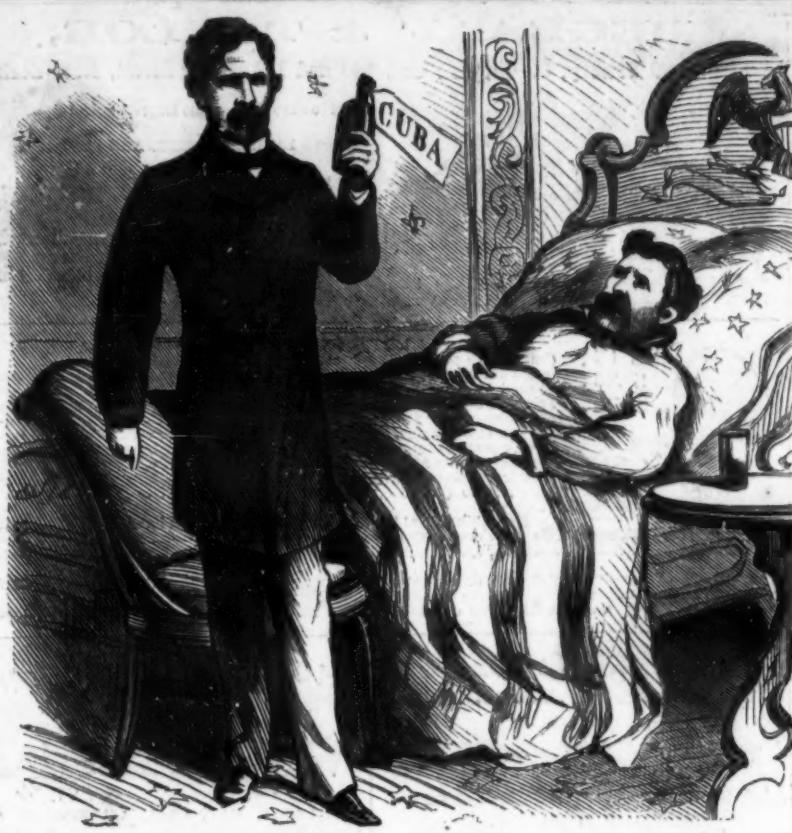
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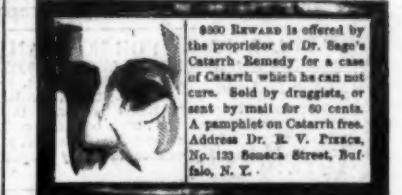
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